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RODERIC RANDOM,

A COMIC OPERA;

AND

THE CIVILIAN,

OR

FARMER TURNED FOOTMAN,

A MUSICAL FARCE.

As performed at the

Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

To which are added,

SEVERAL COMIC SONGS.

BY S. W. RYLEY,

Of the Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

HUDDERSFIELD:

Printed and Sold by J. BROOK, Bookseller;

SOLD ALSO BY

SCATCHERD, SAEL, and VERNOR and HOOD, London; HARROP, Manchester; WILSON and CO. York, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

RODERICK RANDOM.

A

Comic Opera,

IN

THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Roderick Random - -	Mr. CONGDON.
Mr. Worthy - - -	Mr. COOKE.
Lieut. Bowling - -	Mr. TYRREL.
Monſieur Lavement - -	Mr. MERCHANT.
Capt. O'Donnel - -	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Beau Billy - - -	Mr. FRANCES.
Strap - - - - -	Mr. RYLEY.
Concordance - - -	Mr. DAVIES.
Bailiff - - - - -	Mr. GRIFFITH.
Philo - - - - -	Mr. WHITE.
Servant - - - - -	Mr. KING.
Sir Tippy Twaddle - -	Mr. BARRETT.
Sophia - - - - -	Miſs CORNELYS.
Miſs Williams - - -	Miſs VALOIS.
Mrs. Lavement - -	Mrs. BATES.
Molly Mackerel - -	Mrs. BANKS.
Narciſſa - - - -	Miſs DANIELS.

Roderick Random.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter RODERICK RANDOM *and* STRAP, *as juſt arrived.*

STRAP.

WELL, Sir, how do you find yourſelf now? —The fatigue of travelling three hundred miles, partly on foot and partly in the waggon, was nothing to what we have this day experienced in ſearch of Mr. Cringer.—The ſtrange anſwers we have received, and the rebuffs we have met with, convince me of one thing I never before ſuſpected.

RODERICK.

What is that, pray?

STRAP.

Why, that our countrymen, the Scotch, and the inhabitants of London, are as different in their manners, as though they were not ſubjects of the ſame King.——We are as much ſtared at here, as if we had come from the antipodes;—and the anſwers they have given to our inquiries, almoſt make me ſuſpect we do not talk the ſame language.

RODERICK.

Why, Strap, 'tis your own fault.—The goodneſs of your diſpoſition makes you ſo eager to ſerve me, that, inſtead of extricating, you abſolutely run us into difficulties.

STRAP.

Dear me, Sir,—who would ſuppoſe that ſo great a man as Mr. Cringer, was not as well known in London as St. Paul's Church.——The firſt perſon we addreſſed our inquiries to, this morning, you recollect, was a fiſhwoman, who told us he lived in Billingſgate;—when we got there

there, and aſked a ſailor, which was the houſe? he directed us to Wapping;—there we put the ſame queſtion to an old-clothes-man, who ſaid we ſhould find him in Monmouth-Street;—here we addreſſed a lawyer, who told us we ſhould certainly find him near the Temple:—A lady, with a painted face, met with us there,—ſhe ſaid, he lived in Covent-Garden;—and there, ſure enough, we found the great man's houſe.

RODERICK.

Which you approached with ſuch a bold thundering rap, that the footman ſhut the door in your face;——you revenged the indignity by a well-applied brick,—and, pray, what was the conſequence?

STRAP.

Why, a very dirty conſequence,—an unſavoury deluge from the garret window.——And then, Sir, to be ſure we did not meet with a kind friend, who wanted us to go ſnacks in a half-crown, which he picked up by chance;—and, after we had agreed to the treat, we did not ſit down to cards——

RODERICK.

Oh, name it not!——I have loſt every ſhilling I was worth in the world.

STRAP.

Ay, ay,—we have brought our pigs to a fine market;—we have not been twelve hours in this place, and, I believe, we have met with twelve thouſand misfortunes:—We have been jeered at, reproached, buffeted, and ſtripped of our money.—Indeed, with reſpect to the money, that was owing to our own folly.—Solomon ſays, "bray a fool in "a mortar and he will never be wiſe."

RODERICK.

Poverty has horrors enow, without your reproaches.—Who do you call a fool?

STRAP.

Fool, Sir!—I called nobody fool but myſelf.—I am ſure I am the greateſt fool of the two, for being concerned at other people's misfortunes;—but—nemo omnibus horis ſapit;—that's all.

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

Curs'd misfortune!

STRAP.

Ay, Sir, I know what you are thinking—but I ſcorn your thoughts.——Here, Sir,—here's two half guineas and a crown piece;—it's all the money I have in the world:——Take it, and I'll perhaps get more for you before that's done;—if not, I'll beg for you—ſteal for you—go through the wide world with you—and ſtarve with you;—for, though I am a poor cobler's ſon, I am no ſcout.

RODERICK.

Poor fellow.—[*Aſide.*]—Well, Strap, I accept your bounty, provided you will be caſh keeper.—You are the better manager of the two.

STRAP.

Excuſe me, Sir.—It would ill become a gentleman bred and born, to be dependant on a poor barber.—And now, Sir,—having ſettled this buſineſs, let us think what's next to be done.——Whereabouts are we?

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

The man, at the corner, told us this was Snowhill.

STRAP.

Egad, that's lucky!——I have a relation lives in this ſtreet.——Let me ſee,—his mother and my grandfather's ſiſter's nephew——no, that's not it—my grandfather's brother's daughter—Odd rabbit it,—I have forgot the degree,—but, however, he and I are couſins, ſeven times removed;—he keeps a ſchool in this ſtreet.——If we could find him, our troubles, I hope, would end.—I'll knock at this door, and make inquiry.

RODERICK.

Do it modeſtly then.—You recollect the laſt door you knocked at.—[*Points to the window.*]—Indeed Strap, I begin to think, your appearance is not the moſt favorable—elſe, why do the people laugh ſo?—

STRAP.

Appearance, Sir!

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

Yes,—your figure I mean.

STRAP.

Figure, Sir!—I don't know what the people here may think, but I aſſure you, at home, I am reckoned a very well-made, handſome lad;—and for my education, I believe, few poor men's ſons can boaſt as good.

SONG.

I.

Amo amas, I went to learn ten years, if you'll believe me;
And when apprentice, I was put,—dear me, how it did grieve me.
I lathered chins, of dirty folks, for half a year and more, Sir,
And then I ſhav'd ſome two or three,—and ſo on to threeſcore, Sir,
A little time made me expert, as you may well ſuppoſe, Sir,
And all the town would beg of me, to take 'em by the noſe, Sir;
In ſhort, I cut them all ſo cloſe, and flouriſh'd with a quaver,
That none refus'd to own, I was a very pretty Shaver.

II.

But ſoon, with comb and powder puff, to friz my maſter ſet me;
Which ſwell'd me up with pride ſo much, to ſhave he could not get me.
I now began to dreſs ſo ſmart, with three curls at a ſide,
And, when along the ſtreet I walk'd, took two yards at a ſtride.

To

To dreſs the Ladies now I aim'd; I bluſter'd and look'd big;
That lady wears falſe hair, I ſaid,—the other wears a wig.
The girls, who formerly had hearts as hard as flint or harder,
Now, as I boldly walk'd along, cry'd, ſmiling—that's the Barber.

III.

Then, to be ſure, I cut a flaſh, at our Old Church, on Sunday,
But 't would have made the parſon laugh, to ſee me on a Monday;
My fine new clothes were then laid by, and I ſat weaving hair,
Or filling up pomatum pots, with greaſe that's from a bear.
But from my country I have run, becauſe I durſt not ſtay,—
My maſter's daughter was with child, and wanted me to pay;
So off I ſet, quite in a pet, and left both houſe and harbour,
And now I'm come to London town, a very pretty Barber.

Now for making inquiry.—[*Knocks.—Enter a Boy with a book.*]—Pray, my little fellow, can you tell me, where Mr. Concordance, the ſchoolmaſter, lives?

BOY.

He lives here, Sir.

STRAP.

Let him know, a countryman, and relation, wiſhes to ſee him.

BOY.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

STRAP.

STRAP.

Was ever any thing more lucky!——Fortune is making amends for all the ſlippery tricks ſhe has played us.

RODERICK.

Do not be too ſanguine, Strap, for fear of another diſappointment.

Re-enter BOY.

BOY.

Walk in, gentlemen.

STRAP.

Harkee, Sir,—my appearance you know is againſt us,—my figure won't get us entrance any where.—Egad, I think I have proved myſelf a figure of conſequence here, at leaſt.

[*Exeunt into the houſe.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A School Room.*

Maſter ſeated.——Boys getting their Leſſons.

Enter RODERICK *and* STRAP.

[*They bow.*]

CONCORDANCE.

Silence!

STRAP.

We are from Scotland, Sir.——My father, Timothy Strap——

CONCORDANCE.

Couſin, ye need ſay nae mare;—yer likeneſs baith in perſon and voice to my uncle Strap, declares ye his ſon,—and the obligations I ha' received frae yer family, wad inſure ye a hearty welcome, war there nae ties of conſanguinity between us.——Yer friend, I ſuppoſe.

STRAP.

Mr. Random, couſin,—a gentleman——

CONCORDANCE.

CONCORDANCE.

A gentleman!——What, does he travel i' diſguiſe?

STRAP.

Diſguiſe!—why, we certainly are a little diſguiſed at preſent,—but, in a few days, we hope to cut a figure——

CONCORDANCE.

Figure!—I wonder that, i' this great town, ye eſcaped mobbing.——Gin ye dinna dreſs according to the faſhion, ye're nobody.

STRAP.

He is related to ſome of the firſt families in the north;—he was determined to travel, by way of ſeeing the world, and has allowed me the honor of attending him from Scotland, which we left about eighteen days ago.

CONCORDANCE.

Eighteen days!—By my ſoul, ye ha' made a quick journey;—and gin ye are now ſetting out upo' yer travels, and mean to mak the tour o' Europe, ye may tak leave o' aw yer kin;—for in aw probability, gin ye travel nae faſter, 'twull

tak yer life to accompliſh it.——Ye didna travel i' th' mail coach, I'm ſure.

STRAP.

Mail coach!—oh no!—The coach we thought would be too great confinement,—and, as we were determined to be amuſed in our little excurſion, we ſtuck to no particular mode.——Sometimes, to vary the ſcene, we walked, viewing the country, and making obſervations;—when tired with that exerciſe, we mounted—the—the—

CONCORDANCE.

The heavy coach, I ſuppoſe?

STRAP.

Why, couſin, 'twas heavy enough,—but they did not abſolutely call it a coach;—they ſaid it was a ſtage——

CONCORDANCE.

Oh, the ſame thing, mon;—coach and ſtage are ſynonimous terms.

STRAP.

Yes, yes;—they call'd it a ſtage, ſure enough;—a ſtage waggon.

CONCORDANCE.

CONCORDANCE.

A waggon!——What, Sir, as ye travel merely to ſee the world, ye wiſh to view the loweſt ſcenes of it firſt, I ſuppoſe.

RODERICK.

Sir,—your kinſman, Strap, to ſhew his wit, has given you a very florid deſcription both of me and of our travels.——The truth is, neceſſity obliged us to this mode of procedure.——When you are at leiſure, I will inform you of the cauſe of our journey, and aſk your advice relative to our future proceedings;—at preſent, I ſhall only ſay, that my greateſt dependance is on a letter to Mr. Cringer.

CONCORDANCE.

Mr. Cringer!——[*Viewing him.*]

RODERICK.

What, Sir, you don't approve my dreſs, I ſuppoſe?

CONCORDANCE.

Dreſs!—Ye may ca' it a dreſs i' yer country, but 'tis a maſquerade here.—Did ye come thro' Fleet-Market?—by my ſoul, an ye did, they'd

mak a pretty example o' ye.——Ye mun gang tul a barber's, and get a pund or twa o' that ſuperfluous hair lopt off;—at preſent, it looks mare like a mop than ony thing human.——Ye mun be curled and powdered.——Only look at me noo;—for aw I'm ſo dreſſed, it's as much as I can do to eſcape the mob.

RODERICK.

Sir, I am obliged by your inſtructions, and will avail myſelf of them as ſoon as poſſible.——When I have put myſelf into decent trim, perhaps you could adviſe me, how to get my letter preſented.

CONCORDANCE.

Hoot mon, ye cud na ax ony body mare capable o' gi'ing ye advice nor myſel.—But, gin it's to beg favours, I fear yer caſe is deſperate.——Great folks ſeldom think little anes worth their notice.

RODERICK.

Sir, the letter is from one of the faculty, recommending me as qualified to fill the place of ſurgeon's mate, on board an Indiaman.

CONCORDANCE.

CONCORDANCE.

Ah, hoot mon,—tarry where ye are.——A French apothecary, that lives i' th' next ſtreet, ax'd me to-day, gin I ken'd ony body that cud ſerve i' his ſhop.——Tak my recommendation to Monſieur, and, i' th' mean time, ye may look aboot ye.

RODERICK.

Sir, this kindneſs to a ſtranger is ſo uncommon, ſo generous, that I can never ſufficiently expreſs my gratitude.——If you will write a note, not a moment ſhall be loſt in the delivery, for fear the place ſhould be engaged.

CONCORDANCE.

Ye're reet;—loſe nae time.——Ye'd better preſcribe powders to th' fine folk i' this city, than be forced to tak it abroad yourſel, adminiſtered frae the mouth of a cannon. [*Goes to his Deſk.*

STRAP.

Well, Sir, don't you think we are in luck at laſt?——Pray, how do you like my friend, the ſchoolmaſter?—Isn't he very ſhrewd and ſenſible;—but, indeed, that's nothing uncommon in our family.—I believe the very women, in the Strap

line, can read and write.——Then to have the honor of calling a man of conſequence, Couſin! —O! there's nothing like having genteel connections.

CONCORDANCE.

Maiſter Random, gin I ken reet, the French apothecary wull be vera glad to gi' ye a ſituation; —gin he does na, ye ſhall ne'er want a lodging, while I can command a bed, nor a dinner, as lang as I ha' credit for ane.

RODERICK.

Sir, my heart thanks you;—and if, at ſome future time, I can ſhow my gratitude otherways than by words, I hope I ſhall never be ſo ungrateful as to loſe the opportunity.

CONCORDANCE.

A vera pretty ſort of a mon, this Mr. Random. Come alang wi' me, couſin, and I'll ſee what's to be done for ye.

STRAP.

A very lucky barber, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Monſieur Lavement's.*

Enter LAVEMENT.

LAVEMENT.

Madame Lavement!—Madame Lavement!—Sophia!—Vere de diable be dey all?——Sophia!—Madame Lavement!——

Enter SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Bleſs me, father, what are you ſo violent about?

LAVEMENT.

Violent!—Begar here be our old lodger, Sir Tippy Twaddle, come to town, and his neice Mad'moiſelle Narciſſa.——You muſt get ready de grand apartment for her;—ſhe be ver prit, ay, begar, and ver good young lady too.

SOPHIA.

Lud, father, what a ſtrange mortal Sir Tippy is;—I can never keep my countenance, when he's practiſing his attitudes and his guards, as he calls them.

them.——I ſhall never forget, father, that day he gave you a leſſon:——There you ſtood;—here he was, ſquaring his elbows, and looking as if he would eat you.——"There I have you," ſays he,—"here again,—now I tip you the chopper,—"mind your bread-baſket,—there I come the "back-handed tip." [*Drives him into a corner.*

LAVEMENT.

Taizes vous.——Begar me no like you tip my bread-baſket.—You be von little Mendoza.

SOPHIA.

Ha! ha! ha!—I think I've frightened you almoſt as much as Sir Tippy did.——I fancy, father, the people of your country are no great fighters?

LAVEMENT.

Vere be Madam Lavement——vere be your moder?

SOPHIA.

She went to take a walk with our lodger, Captain o'Donnel.

LAVEMENT.

LAVEMENT.

Le diable!——Dat Captain be von damned villian.—He make love to my vife before my face.——Begar he ſhall not ſtay in my houſe.

SOPHIA.

Bleſs me, father,—I thought Frenchmen had been too fond of gallantry themſelves, to be jealous of their wives;—beſides, in this caſe, I think your ſuſpicions are without foundation.—The Captain, I am ſure, treats my mother with no more attention than he does the ſex in general.

[*A loud knock.*

LAVEMENT.

Ah, begar dere be our country baronet.—I muſt go and pay my devoirs to him and ma'm'ſelle.

[*Exit.*

SOPHIA.

My poor father is ſtrangely jealous, though he takes ſuch pains to hide it.—I could ſoon make his mind eaſy, with reſpect to the Captain's deſigns upon my mother.——His attachment to myſelf, I believe ſincere and honourable.—I ſhall certainly be happy to receive his father's approbation of me for

for a daughter,—and yet the example in my own family almoſt makes me dread matrimony.

SONG.

I.

What pleaſures I enjoy while I lead a ſingle life!
My heart's a ſtranger to the pangs of diſcord and of ſtrife;
No man to bawl, no child to ſquall, all's comfort and content,—
But when I'm led to church, and wed, I may perhaps repent.
Sing wedding ring, pretty thing,
While the church bells do ring.
By-and-by baby cry,—then it's all o'er.

II.

A baby, I allow, is a very pretty thing;
To have but one, would make ſome folks as happy as a king.
The marriage bliſs, to toy and kiſs, is mighty pretty fun,—
But, I've heard ſay, ſome rue the day that ever they begun.
Sing wedding ring, &c.

III.

My father here is ſorely vext, and jealous of my mother,
Tho' truth to ſpeak, 'tis without cauſe, he makes ſo ſtrange a pother;
Yet, cauſe or not, who knows, but I may find the captain jealous,
And ſtorming at his little wife, if ſhe but ſpeak to fellows.
Sing wedding ring, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir TIPPY, NARCISSA, *and* LAVEMENT.

SIR TIPPY.

Well, Monſieur, how does my landlady, and your fair daughter?—Still unmarried, I ſuppoſe.—Where is ſhe?—I muſt bring her and my niece acquainted.

LAVEMENT.

Sophia!

Enter SOPHIA.

LAVEMENT.

Come here, child.—Sir Tippy Twaddle permit you de honere of being know to his neice.

SIR TIPPY.

Come, come, Monſieur, no palaver.—Sophia, child, I am heartily glad to ſee you.—[*Kiſſes her.*]—This is my niece, Narciſſa.——You're two good girls, and muſt be acquainted.——Take her with you,

you, Miſs Lavement, to ſee the apartments.—You know I've the front dining-room.—[*Exeunt Narciſſa and Sophia.*]——Ah, many a good battle I've ſeen under that window.—Well, Monſieur, what's the news among the boxers, Johnſon, Big Ben, and Mendoza, eh?——I'm vaſtly improved ſince you ſaw me, I promiſe you.—Damme if I think there's a little fellow of my weight, in town, could beat me.——Philo has a devil of a time of it now—knock'd up both his eyes t'other day—can't bear beating—wants his wages raiſed—he's far from being in a travelling condition, but I would bring him to keep me in practice.——Don't you think I could get Mendoza to give me a few leſſons?—I hear he has opened an Academy.

LAVEMENT.

Yes, he did,—but de juſtice did not tink it proper, ſo he's put down.

SIR TIPPY.

What a pity.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, a young gentleman ſays, he waits upon you with a letter.

LAVEMENT.

LAVEMENT.

Shew him in. *Exit Servant.*

Enter RODERICK.

RODERICK.

Sir, I bring a letter from Mr. Concordance.

LAVEMENT.

From my good friend de ſchoolmaſter.——[*Reads.*]——I find, by dis letter, dat you have been brought up to de phyſic, and dat you vant a place.—Can you read de preſcription, and make a de pill, de bolus, de lotion?—Can you do de buſineſs of my ſhop?

RODERICK.

Sir, I truſt you will find me qualified for all theſe things.

LAVEMENT.

Den I take you on my friend's recommendation;—and, if I find you capable, you ſhall no repent coming to live at my houſe.

SIR TIPPY.

Harkee, young man,—what part of the country do you come from?

RODERICK.

From the north, Sir.

SIR TIPPY.

North,—um.——How do they fight in your country?

RODERICK.

Fight, Sir?

SIR TIPPY.

Ay,—do they play ſcientifically,—or do they bite, and ſcratch, and kick,—as the cuſtom is in a great many parts of this kingdom.

RODERICK.

Really, Sir, I know very little of the matter.—In Scotland we ſeldom fight one amongſt another;—but, when our Country calls, we are ready to ſacrifice our lives in its defence.

SIR TIPPY.

There you're right.——I ſhould have no objection to defend my Country, but I ſhould like to know how to defend myſelf too.—[*In a boxing attitude.*]——What, then you've never ſeen them ſpar,—you know none of the guards?

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

The Horſe Guards do you mean, Sir?

SIR TIPPY.

Horſe!—damme you're an aſs.——Here, Philo!——I'll ſhew you the guards.—You muſt know, that I keep a man, who is up to a thing or two in the boxing way;—we generally ſpar once a day, to keep me in practice.——[*Enter Philo, with his face ſwelled, and a black eye.*]——There's a figure for you, Monſieur;—did you ever ſee ſuch a man as that in your country?——Damme, he'd leather a whole a regiment of Frenchmen.——Come, pull off my coat—now give me my cap and my gloves—now mind your eye,—it's a damn'd black one.—[*They ſpar.—Sir Tippy follows Philo, who gradually retreats till he is thumped off the ſtage,—then comes down in triumph.*]——What do you think of that, young man, hey?—did you ever ſee any thing like it, in Scotland?

RODERICK.

No, Sir,—indeed I never did.

SIR TIPPY.

O! it's a fine manly exerciſe.—Shouldn't you like to ſee the knowing ones play?—[*Squaring.*]

RODERICK.

O yes, Sir;—I ſhould like a play.

SIR TIPPY.

Great Ben and Johnſon, for my money.

RODERICK.

Ben Johnſon, is a celebrated man, to be ſure.—Volpone and Abel Drugger are finely drawn characters:—But, in my opinion, Shakeſpeare's Jew beats 'em all.

SIR TIPPY.

The Jew beat them all!—a guinea to a ſhilling of that.——The Jew's a ſharp little fellow,—but then, he's no bone,—he's no ſize.——Johnſon would eat him.

RODERICK.

Eat who, Sir?

SIR TIPPY.

Why, Mendoza, the Jew.

RODERICK.

O! I beg your pardon, Sir;—I was ſpeaking of the Merchant of Venice.

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

Venice—Venice——I've no acquaintance with foreigners now I've left off buſineſs.——Indeed, when I was in trade, I don't recollect dealing with any men from Venice.

RODERICK.

I think, Sir, you don't frequent the theatres much.

SIR TIPPY.

Theatres! not I, indeed.—Such nonſenſe is only fit for women and children.—I like exerciſe. —Odd, if you had but ſeen the battle at our little town of Banbury, the other day, between Johnſon and Perryns.—There was a ſet-to for you.——I got ſeated next the Mayor;—a rare place it was for ſeeing.—His worſhip likes a fight, as well as I,—ha, ha!—I'll tell you a good one.—The other night, at the club, nothing would pleaſe the company, but the Mayor and I muſt have a ſparring match.—His worſhip knows a thing or two, and I have as good a guard as moſt people.—So up we got,—the chairs and tables were removed,—and to it we went.——Here ſtood I.—[*Squaring.*]—Mr. Mayor made at me, two or three times, but could not come in;—at laſt, thinks I, I'll leave

him an open;—he took the advantage, and knock'd off my wig;—upon which, I put him one in, ſo—under his right ear.—Down fell the *Mayor*, flat upon his back, as though a *horſe* had kick'd him.

LAVEMENT.

Ha, ha, ha! ha!

Enter NARCISSA.

NARCISSA.

Sir, I have ſeen the apartments, and approve of them very much.——How ſoon would you like your ſupper?

SIR TIPPY.

Supper!—well thought on:—I'll go directly.—Harkee, Monſieur, when I was laſt in town, I could not ſleep a wink for that confounded peſtle and mortar of yours;—do contrive to muffle it.——And, d'ye hear, come and take a bit of ſupper with us;—and I'll give you a bottle of port, that ſhall make your old eyes twinkle.——Come along, Monſieur.

[*Exeunt Sir Tippy and Narciſſa.*

LAVEMENT.

Pray, young man, vat your name?

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

Random, Sir.

LAVEMENT.

Vel den, Monſieur Random, me vil try your ſkill in de phyſic to-morrow morning.——I've de grand patient to viſit,—de medicine muſt be made to-night.——Me have ſent for the friſeur, to dreſs a my hair before I go to ſupper;—after dat, I give you direction for my cuſtomer. [*Exit.*

RODERICK.

Thanks to Strap's ſeventh couſin,—I ſeem to have a tolerable proſpect before me;—at any rate, the characters in this family will afford me amuſement.——Who can that charming creature be, who left the room with the baronet?—Pray heaven, ſhe be not his daughter;—for, in that caſe, what could I expect, from my preſent feelings, but contempt and wretchedneſs?

SONG.

I.

How bleſt the man, whoſe envied lot
Shall call that fair his wife;
His fate, on earth, ſhall happy be,
No ſtorms imbitter life.

A face

A face ſo fair, a form ſo true,
Should be by virtue join'd;
If all unite in that dear maid,
Farewell my peace of mind.

II.

But ſhould kind fortune on me ſmile,
And bleſs my future life,
Should proſpects bright my cares diſpel,
And grant me ſuch a wife,
I'll conſtantly have in my mind,
That ſorrow brought me low,
And not puff'd up with pride forget
From whom all mercies flow.

Enter STRAP, [*peeping.*]

STRAP.

Are you alone, Sir?——Oh, I am ſo happy—My Couſin Concordance has recommended me to a barber's ſhop, where I've five ſhillings a week,—bed and board;—and the firſt employment I've been ſent upon, is to dreſs the doctor.——How has your letter ſucceeded?

RODERICK.

As we could wiſh.——Monſieur has engaged me, and promiſes, if I anſwer his expectation, to be my friend.

STRAP.

STRAP.

Then, Sir, you ſhall live to hold up your head with the firſt people in the town.——I'll ſhave and dreſs you for nothing;—and, if you ſhould want money at any time, I'll weave my fingers to the bone but you ſhall have it.

RODERICK.

I thank you, Strap,—but hope to ſupport myſelf by my own induſtry;—at all events, I will endeavour to live without being a burthen to you.

STRAP.

A burthen!——Ah, Sir, how little do you know poor Strap, to talk in that manner.——To be ſure, Mr. Random, you were born a gentleman;—on the other hand, I'm a poor, but honeſt cobler's ſon.——My mother was as induſtrious a woman as ever was born, till ſuch time as ſhe took to drinking.—Every body, you know, Sir, has failings.—Humanum eſt errare.——But what's that to the purpoſe?—Though you be gentle and I ſimple, it does not follow, but that I who am ſimple, may do a good office for you who are gentle;—and, though I ſhould not have a farthing left in the world, what o' that?—I can work for

for more;—my father did ſo, before me;—and there ſeem to be ſo many friz'd heads, and clubs, and tie periwigs, in this great town, that a good barber can never want employ.

Enter LAVEMENT.

LAVEMENT.

Vere be de friſeur all dis time.——Ah, begar, vere you come from?

STRAP.

Sir, Mr. Doublecurl, has ſent me to dreſs you.

LAVEMENT.

Fort bien.—Reach me de chair.—[*Dreſſing, &c.*——Monſieur Random, had your laſt maſter a great deal of buſineſs?—Was he ſurgeon, or only apotecary?

RODERICK.

Both, Sir.—He was particularly famous for his ſucceſs in fractures and amputations.

STRAP.

You put me in mind of two famous doctors, in our country;—who, for expedition in the cure, and

and moderation in the charge, cannot be matched, I believe, in England: ——They are known to be ſavage dogs, but are very ſucceſsful:—They'll eradicate a cancer, with as much eaſe as ſome doctors would a wart;—and make no more of a fractured limb, than others would of a broken tooth.——Then, Sir, they bleed twenty patients in the time a common practitioner could one:—All who want that operation, (it matters not how many,) are placed round the yard.——One binds up the arm, the other makes the inciſion.——There they ſtand, all bleeding, in a circle;—and, if the doctors are not called off, to look at a ſick horſe, or give their opinion of a fine hound, the patients do very well;—but, as that is frequently the caſe, when they return, ſome of the more delicate ſort will be found fainting, through loſs of blood;—theſe they recover with an application of cold water, or, perhaps, a tweak by the noſe,—recommend a glaſs of gin, to cheer their ſpirits,—and laugh at 'em, for being ſo ſoft.

LAVEMENT.

Ha! ha! ha!—very comique.——Indeed, you von pleaſant barber.

Enter

Enter Mrs. LAVEMENT.

MRS. LAVEMENT.

I ſuppoſe, my dear, you thought I was loſt.—Captain O'Donnel has been treating me to a play.

LAVEMENT.

Play!——Oui, begar, ver prit play!——Le diable, you be von damned dog's vife.——Ventrez bleu, me vil ſhew you vat it is to put von horn upon my head.——Captain o'Donnel be von——

Enter Capt. O'DONNEL.

O'DONNEL.

What, Sir!——What am I?

LAVEMENT.

O ſerviteur, Monſieur le Capitaine——Eh, diablement obligeant, ſans doute.

STRAP.

Oh, dear Sir, don't draw your ſword——or, if you do, let me get out of the room firſt——My mother, Sir——

O'DONNEL.

Well, what of your mother?

STRAP.

STRAP.

Why, Sir, the night before I was born, ſhe dreamed ſhe was brought to bed of a ſcabbard, —which, being interpreted by a cunning woman, ſignified that, if ever I ſhould be in a room where a ſword was drawn, it would be ſheathed in my body.

O'DONNEL.

Harkee! Mr. Lavement—I am a man of honor,—and, I believe, you're too much of a gentleman to be offended at the civility I ſhew your wife.

QUINTETTO.

I.

O'DONNEL.

Sir, I hope you do not think I was uncivil.

LAVEMENT.

Sir, me moch oblige—and wiſh you at the devil. [*Aſide.*

MRS. LAVEMENT.

Huſband be aſſur'd, of this you may depend,
The captain's ſo polite, he always is your friend.

LAVEMENT.

You cuckoo me, to-day. [*Aſide, to Mrs. L.*

MRS. LAVEMENT.

Tell him, if you've a mind. [*Aſide, to L.*

O'DONNEL.

Pray, what is that you ſay?

LAVEMENT.

Dat you be very kind.

II.

RODERICK.

Sir, I'm ſure the Captain meant not to offend,
Or, you may be aſſur'd, aſſiſtance I would lend.

STRAP.

Oh! let me beg you will not ſay another word,
Or he may kill us all—for don't you ſee his ſword.

O'DONNEL.

Well,—come, Sir, here's my hand.

LAVEMENT.

For vat you give it me?

O'DONNEL.

Forget what now is paſt.

LAVEMENT.

To dat I vil agree.

RODERICK.

Let ſtrife and diſcord ceaſe to plague the married pair.
May honor guide the men, and virtue crown the fair.

CHORUS.

Let ſtrife and diſcord, &c.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Tavern.*

RODERICK *diſcovered.*

RODERICK.

AN active buſtling life I am likely to lead here, and not unprofitable, if I may judge by the liberality of the doctor's patients this morning. ——The generoſity of the men, and the kind looks of the females, would flatter the vanity of a young fellow, with a heart diſengaged as mine—[*ſighs,*]—was yeſterday!—but now, they only add freſh torture, to that already inflicted by poverty and hopeleſs love.

Beau BILLY, *without.*

Waiter, bring a glaſs of wine and water, directly.——[*Enters.—Sits down, and takes up a Newſpaper.*]——Any news to-day, Sir?

RODERICK.

I hear of none, Sir—but I am a ſtranger in town, conſequently ignorant of the daily occurrences;—

that is not your caſe, I fancy, Sir;—you ſeem to be perfectly at home here.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir, you have gueſſed right.——I had the honor of drawing my firſt breath in London, and have lived in it ever ſince;—nay, to tell you a ſecret, I never was ten miles out of it in my life.

RODERICK.

Indeed, Sir!

BEAU BILLY.

'Tis true, upon my honor:—Though, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall ruſticate ere long;—for, this day or to-morrow, I expect an uncle in town, who brings with him a lady they wiſh me to marry.—If the old baronet carries his point, perhaps I ſhall be dragged into Oxfordſhire with them.——I am now going to Doctor Lavement's, to inquire when Sir Tippy and his neice are expected.—If your buſineſs leads you that way, we can walk together.

RODERICK.

Heavens, what a diſcovery!—[*Aſide.*]——Sir Tippy and the young lady arrived laſt night.——I live

I live with Doctor Lavement, have been all this morning about his buſineſs, and called here to refreſh myſelf with a glaſs of wine.

BEAU BILLY.

My dear Sir, your hand!—we are brother practitioners, with this difference only,—you are in employ, I am out of it;—I wiſhed for a ſituation as ſurgeon's mate of an Indiaman, and have danced attendance at the Navy Office 'till my clothes are nearly gone, and my money all ſpent. ——However, the latter circumſtance is not of ſo much conſequence, ſince I have been fortunate enough to meet with you, who can lend me a crown, no doubt.

RODERICK.

Certainly.—[*Gives money.*]——And now, Sir, if you are for the city, I am ready to attend you.

BEAU BILLY.

What! in this trim?—no, no, no.——As my uncle and couſin are arrived, I muſt by no means make my appearance 'till ſome of my clothes are redeemed.——How ſhall I act?—Can you adviſe me?

RODERICK.

Indeed, you could not have applied to any one, leſs capable than myſelf.

BEAU BILLY.

How unlucky!——Let me ſee;—two guineas would do for immediate uſe.——Perhaps you can aſſiſt me?

RODERICK.

Indeed, I am not maſter of ſuch a ſum,—nor could I raiſe it, to ſupply the moſt urgent wants of my own.

BEAU BILLY.

You have moſt excellent linen.—[*Feels his ſhirt ſleeve.*]—How many ſhirts of that kind have you?

RODERICK.

Six ruffled, and ſix plain.

BEAU BILLY.

Twelve Shirts!—why, no gentleman has ever above four.——How many do you think I have got?—Only this and another, as I hope to be ſaved.——Now, I dare ſay, we ſhall be able to

raiſe a good ſum out of your ſuperfluity.——Let me ſee,—each of theſe ſhirts are worth ſixteen ſhillings, at a moderate computation;—ſuppoſe we pawn 'em for half price;—eight times eight is ſixty-four,—that's three pounds four ſhillings.——Give me your hand!—was ever any thing ſo lucky!——Two guineas will redeem my blue and ſilver, and we ſhall have the reſt for pocket money.

RODERICK.

Softly, ſoftly, Sir, if you pleaſe.——You talk of pawning my ſhirts, ſuppoſe you ſell this hanger; it would fetch a good round ſum, I believe.

BEAU BILLY.

No.—I can't appear decent without my hanger, or egad it ſhould go;—but however, as you appear inflexible, I have no other alternative,—for the blue and ſilver muſt be forthcoming.—Oh! the execution I have done in that ſuit!——The deuce take me, if I can tell what the women ſee in my figure, but ſo it is.——The offers I have had would amaze you.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

When firſt I came to man's eſtate
I then was only twenty,
I thought myſelf a handſome blade;
Of fine clothes I had plenty:
With cane in hand, I walk'd the ſtrand,
And then thro' Piccadilly.
Faddle, laddle, laddle, laddle, laddle la.
My name is Pretty Billy.

II.

Then I muſt have a ſweetheart too,
Like other macaronies;
Dear me, how ſimple I was then,
The firſt of ſimple tonies.
A lady fine I thus addreſs'd,
(I bluſh'd to think how ſilly,)
Faddle, &c. My name is Pretty Billy.

III.

"I like your name, I like your dreſs,
"Your perſon too is charming;
"You ſhould a courting come this night,
"If 'twere not for alarming
"My father, who knows nought of you,
"Nor does my brother Willy."
Faddle, &c. My name is Pretty Billy.

IV.

At night I came, all in a flame
And burning with deſire,

Like

Like an old pot, that is made hot
With coals upon the fire;
I gently ſaid, unto the maid,
Shew me to young Miſs Philly.
Faddle, &c. My name is Pretty Billy.

V.

So then, we two began to woo,
Nor dreamt that ought would hear us;
But, on my back, I felt a ſmack,
And found her brother near us.
He curs'd and ſwore,—my ruffles tore:
"Damme," ſays he, "I'll kill ye."
Faddle, &c. Oh dear, poor Pretty Billy.

VI.

Then home I went, not quite content,
As you may well ſuppoſe, Sir;
My beſt new ſhirt all over dirt,
Beſides a blood noſe, Sir.
In this ſad trim, I was let in;
My bones beat to a jelly.
Faddle, &c. Alas, poor Dirty Billy.

VII.

But now the clown is come to town,
My uncle, from the weſt, Sir,
I'll bet a pound, his neice I wound;—
Theſe girls won't let me reſt, Sir.
This face ſo fair, ſo debonair,—
I'll not ſtand ſhally ſhilly.
Faddle, &c. Who can reſiſt Beau Billy?

[*Exit and returns.*

BEAU

BEAU BILLY.

You won't part with the ſhirts then?

RODERICK.

Certainly not.

BEAU BILLY.

Why then, my dear hanger, thou muſt go.—[*Going.*]——But harkee,—you need not ſay any thing at home.——Mum—mum. [*Exit.*

RODERICK.

A valuable acquaintance I ſeem to have made here.——His impertinence, however, brings this conſolation, that Narciſſa can never conſent to marry ſuch a forward coxcomb.——But ſhould ſhe, as I expect, refuſe him, on what pretenſions can I ground hopes for myſelf?

SONG.

Come Hope, thou kind ſoother of woe,
Awaken a gleam in my breaſt;
To my peace be no longer a foe,
Oh, bring to my boſom its reſt!
To ſtrive againſt fate is in vain,
I'll patiently wait its decree;
And never once more will complain,
Whatever my fortune may be.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Room in Lavement's Houſe.*

Enter Sir TIPPY, *with a Letter in his Hand, followed by* NARCISSA *and* SERVANT.

SIR TIPPY.

Take this letter, according to the direction;—ſee the gentleman yourſelf,—and bring word when we may expect him.—[*Exit Servant.*]——Now, Narciſſa, prepare to receive my nephew, as the perſon deſigned for your huſband.——You have been promiſed to each other ever ſince you were children,—and, though I have ſcarcely ſeen him ſince that time, I am told he is a very ſober, accompliſhed young man.

NARCISSA.

Sir, your will ſhall govern mine;—but if he ſhould have entered into any other engagement, or if he ſhould prove unworthy, I hope, in either caſe, your authority will not be extended to make me miſerable.

SIR TIPPY.

Truſt to my tenderneſs and judgment.——Since you loſt your parent, I have declared myſelf your protector, and will prove worthy of that title.

Enter

Enter Monſieur *and* Madame LAVEMENT.

LAVEMENT.

Sir Tippy, and Mademoiſelle, I have brought my vife to pay her reſpect to you.

MRS. LAVEMENT.

Sir Tippy, you are welcome to London.—Madam, I am happy to ſee you in my houſe, and hope you approve of the accommodations.

NARCISSA.

Very much, indeed:—I think we are very comfortably and pleaſantly ſituated.—When you are at leiſure, I would conſult you and Miſs Lavement upon ſome articles of dreſs.

SIR TIPPY.

Ay, ay, Mrs. Lavement, take her with you, and lay your plodding heads together, how ſhe is to diſpoſe of fifty pounds I have juſt given her.

MRS. LAVEMENT.

If you'll walk this way, Ma'am, you may command every ſervice, in the power of me or my daughter.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Lavement and Narciſſa.*

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

Well, Monſieur, have you ſent to Mendoza, as you promiſed?—Will he come and give me a little inſtruction?

LAVEMENT.

Sir, he vil attendez you to-day;—my ſervant ſay, he live in de grand houſe, and dreſs like a lord.

SIR TIPPY.

Ay, Monſieur, that's all fair.—When lords become boxers, boxers will be enabled to appear like lords;—'tis only an exchange of character, and that's common enough in theſe days.—Would you believe it, Monſieur, the women in my country have a Toxopholite Society;—the noble ſcience of archery is dwindled into an amuſement for girls.——The ladies, now a days, ſcorn to have recourſe to cupid's arrows, but conquer their lovers with well-drawn quivers from bows of their own;—but, for my part, give me fiſts, before either bows, piſtols, or ſwords.

SONG.

I.

Let ſwordſmen cart, and tierce,
And ſwagger about with their ſteel;
They may your belly pierce,
But pray then how do you feel?

Give me a good boxing match,
'Tween folks that know what they do;
And then a good drinking batch,
With bottles of wine not a few.

II.

Why were arms made at firſt?
But to defend a man,
Before your ſtab and thruſt;—
Deny it if you can.
Give me a good boxing match, &c.

III.

There's ſome play at piſtol pop,
With ball and powder ſtrong;
Then off the clod they pop:—
So then there's an end of their ſong.
Give me a good boxing match, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room at Lavement's.*

Enter Mrs. LAVEMENT *and* NARCISSA.

MRS. LAVEMENT.

If you'll ſit down here, Madam, I'll call my daughter, who will be proud to render you every aſſiſtance in her power.

[*Exit Mrs. Lavement.—Enter Roderick on the other Side.*

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

I beg your pardon, Madam;—I thought the doctor had been here.

NARCISSA.

Do not let me drive you away, Mr. Random;—I am only an intruder in this apartment.——The doctor, I dare ſay, will be here ſhortly.

RODERICK.

Oh, Madam, if you value my peace, do not ſpeak to me with ſuch gentleneſs,—leſt I forget the brilliancy of your ſituation, and the poverty of my own.

NARCISSA.

Let me underſtand you, Sir.

RODERICK.

Rather, command me to be gone, without explanation.——Oh, Madam! ſhould your contempt be added to what a friendleſs orphan has already experienced from the world, I ſhould indeed be miſerable.

NARCISSA.

Be compoſed, Sir;—contempt you never can have merited from any one;—and, however the partial world may eſtimate the bleſſing of wealth,

I can never be influenced by it.—I judge a friend's merit by the goodneſs of his heart, not by the weight of his purſe,—and, when the former is wanting, the latter can never make a man reſpectable.

RODERICK.

But when both unite in one fair form, together with every other excellence, what, but deſpair, can be the portion of him who——Pardon me, Madam,—I have taken up too much of your time already.

NARCISSA.

My time, Sir, will not be more agreeably employed, if you ſhould leave me;—therefore, favor me with your company a little longer.—[*Points to a chair;—they ſit.*]——I fancy, Mr. Random, your ſituation has, formerly, been different from what it is at preſent.

RODERICK.

You judge right, Madam.——I have not always been in the ſtate of dependence in which you now ſee me;—though, very early in life, I loſt my mother, and was abandoned by my father;—nay, if it had not been for the doctor's humanity, I had, at this moment, been deſtitute of every thing:

thing:—Though even that ſituation would be preferable, to the agonizing leſſon I have learned in this houſe.——Deſpiſe me not, though I ſhould own, that you have taught me this leſſon.—Do not think I have the preſumption to expect any thing but your pardon.—On my knees——

Enter Sir TIPPY.—*Roderick jumps up, in confuſion.*

SIR TIPPY.

So, ſo!—very pretty, indeed!——Narciſſa, go to your apartment.—[*Exit Narciſſa.*]——So, Mr. Random, you were trying a love ſcene with my neice, I ſuppoſe;—but ſhe's no match for you:—So take a friend's advice;—if you don't, I ſhall be obliged to put you one in. [*Squaring.*

Enter MONSIEUR.—*Roderick retires up the Stage.*

LAVEMENT.

Sir Tippy, here be de gentleman to vait upon you.

SIR TIPPY.

What gentleman?

LAVEMENT.

I don't know his name,—but he have de monſtrous craw.

SIR TIPPY.

Monſtrous Craw!—What, have they not left town yet?—I ſaw them laſt time I was here.——Well, well, ſhew them up;—I don't mind a ſhilling.—[*Exit Lavement.*]——Have you ſeen the monſtrous Craws? [*To Roderick.*

RODERICK.

I don't know what you mean, Sir?

SIR TIPPY.

Why, they are people from abroad, with thick necks;—you pay a ſhilling a-piece for ſeeing them.——Oh, here he comes.

Enter Beau BILLY.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir, your moſt obedient very humble ſervant.

SIR TIPPY.

I never ſaw this before.—[*To Roderick, who turns up, laughing.*]—You need not be afraid of it;—they are very harmleſs.—[*Goes up to Beau Billy, and takes hold of his neck.*]——It's amazing, indeed!

deed!—but I ſhould like to ſee it uncovered.——Pull of that handkerchief,—and then here's your ſhilling, and you may go about your buſineſs.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir!——Why, what do you take me for?

SIR TIPPY.

Take you for?—Why, one of the monſtrous Craws, that's ſhewn for a ſhilling.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir, I hope you don't mean to inſult me;—if you had not ſent for me I ſhould not have come.

SIR TIPPY.

I ſend for you!—eh?—Why, ſurely this can't be Mendoza?——Egad, but it is though;—and what I took for a monſtrous craw, is a muffle to keep of the blows.—[*Goes up to him.*]——I aſk your pardon, Sir,—I was miſtaken in you at firſt,—though now I begin to recollect you.——I did ſend for you to give me a leſſon or two.——I have ſeen many prints of you and Humphries,—but you are ſo altered, with that muffle round your neck, that you have ſcarce any reſemblance to the picture.——Have you got your ſtuffed gloves?

BEAU

BEAU BILLY.

Stuff!—I always wear leather.

SIR TIPPY.

That's right.——Here, Philo,—my gloves and cap, directly.—[*Enter Philo, with gloves and cap,—Sir Tippy puts them on;—Beau Billy all amazement.*]—I ſay, Philo, if I ſhould hit Mendoza now.——Come, why don't you ſtrip?

BEAU BILLY.

Sir!

SIR TIPPY.

What, you are above ſtripping to me, I ſuppoſe?——Come on then, Mr. Mendoza.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir, I am not Mendoza.

SIR TIPPY.

No!—who the devil are you then?

BEAU BILLY.

Mr. Jackſon, your nephew.

SIR TIPPY.

Jackſon—um—impoſſible.

BEAU BILLY.

'Tis true indeed, Sir.——I am come to pay my reſpects to you and my couſin Narciſſa.

SIR TIPPY.

Give me my coat.——I am ſorry you have taken that trouble,—for I am ſure, ſuch an appearance as yours will not be acceptable to either of us.——What the devil have you got round your neck?

BEAU BILLY.

Why, Uncle, thick necks are all the faſhion in town.

SIR TIPPY.

I am ſure, thick heads are all the faſhion in town;—ſo, Mr. Jackſon, you may troop back again to your lodging,—and, ere you again introduce yourſelf as my nephew, totally reform your appearance from head to foot;—for Narciſſa is too good a girl, to be taken with ſuch a puppet-ſhow figure as yours. [*Exit.*

BEAU BILLY.

A pretty reception, egad!——[*As he is going, Roderick comes down, and taps him on the ſhoulder.*]

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

I fear, your blue and ſilver has not done the execution it was wont.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir!

RODERICK.

Sir!——Oh!—harkee, good Sir,—don't you think eight of my ſhirts would fetch a good round ſum, at the pawnbroker's?——To be ſerious, Sir, let me adviſe you, as a friend, to take that tinſel ſuit back again, and exchange it for ſomething better ſuited to your circumſtances. [*Exit.*

Enter SOPHIA, *on the oppoſite Side.*

SOPHIA.

Mr. Random—Mr. Random—[*Roderick returns.*]—you are wanted in the ſhop.——[*Roderick paſſes Beau Billy with contempt, and exit.—As Sophia is following, Beau Billy accoſts her.*]

BEAU BILLY.

A word with you, Child.

SOPHIA.

Make haſte then, Sir.

BEAU

BEAU BILLY.

Could not you procure me half an hour's converſation, with the young lady who live's here?

SOPHIA.

O, that I could eaſily do, if ſhe herſelf were willing.

BEAU BILLY.

Why ſhould you doubt it?

SOPHIA.

Truly, I don't *doubt* about it,—for I am quite *ſure*, that a girl's time muſt hang very heavy on her hands, who would, with her own conſent, paſs half an hour of it with a coxcomb.

BEAU BILLY.

Girl, you are pert.

SOPHIA.

Boy, you are familiar.——I don't know who you are, nor what's your buſineſs,—but I wiſh I were a man, for your ſake,—I would, as our lodger ſays, tip you a chopper;—nay, for that matter, I don't think it would be difficult, in my girl's clothes, to give you the back-handed tip. [*Exit.*

BEAU

BEAU BILLY.

Here's a little pugiliſt for you!——So,—I have run the gauntlet, pretty well, through this family,—and have played as great a variety of parts, within the laſt half hour, as an actor in a ſtrolling company.—Some of them I muſt lay aſide, if ever I expect to marry my couſin, that's plain.——Fighting's my uncle's hobby-horſe;—I'll therefore go home,—ſtudy that character,—and make my next appearance before Sir Tippy, alamode Mendoza. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter Lieut. BOWLING, *ſhabbily dreſſed.*

BOWLING.

Avaſt, a bit!——May I be keel-haul'd, if I would not ſooner go a voyage to Guinea, than find my way from Hyde-Park-Corner to Wapping.—Hard for an old ſailor, that has worked his paſſage through life thus far, to be turned adrift, becauſe he choſe to convince his captain he was no raſcal.——But Cowardice keeps his ſhip, and poor Tom Bowling is obliged to beat againſt wind and tide, for a bare ſubſiſtence.——Well, well,—I have

ſeen

ſeen the time, and may ſee it again.—I've weathered many a tough gale, and ſhall I ſlip my cable now, for a bit of a land breeze?

SONG.

I.

A ſailor ſad is very rare,
Aſhore, or when at ſea;
His bed is hard, and coarſe his fare,
Yet blithe and merry he:
Tho' waves run high, and winds blow hard,
And cannons roar and ſmoke,
He weathers all,—nought can retard
An Engliſh heart of oak.

II.

And if, on ſhore, the rhino fails,
And poverty looks grim,
Then out to ſea again he ſails,
In veſſel tight and trim:
With honeſt ſoul, and merry heart,
He whiſtles o'er the main,
And there of gold he gets his part,
And whiſtles back again.

III.

Then why ſhould we repine, or grieve,
At what's by fate decreed?
The hand that chaſtens can relieve,—
In this are all agreed.

Let thoſe, who meet rough ſtorms at home,
With patience bear their yoke,
Contented copy us that roam;—
We're merry hearts of oak. [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs WILLIAMS.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Strayed and abandoned!—to whom ſhall I apply for protection?—Who will harbour a wretched woman, made deſperate by poverty and contempt?——My own ſex ſhun me,—and to the other I dare not apply, for fear of inſult——But here comes one, whoſe appearance ſays,—"from me, "you have nothing to fear."——At all events, I'll make my caſe known to him,—for, under the coarſeſt appearance, ſailors in general have hearts replete with tenderneſs and humanity.

Enter Lieut. BOWLING.

BOWLING.

Harkee, Miſs,—does Wapping lie right ahead, or muſt I tack about?

MISS WILLIAMS.

Sir.

BOWLING.

BOWLING.

Am I ſteering directly for Wapping, or does it lie to the north-eaſt?

MISS WILLIAMS.

I wiſh, Sir, it were in my power to inform you.

BOWLING.

Mayhap then, Miſs, you never were at Wapping.——There's as fine a look out, from old Ben Block's, as from the top-gallant-maſt of the Thunder;—and for meſſmates, Miſs, hang me up at the yard-arm, if I think there's ſuch another crew, fore and aft, in all Wapping.——But time wears apace, d'ye ſee,—and I muſt turn in ſomewhere, before dark.—[*Going.*]——If you chance to ſteer towards Ben's, Miſs, you'll be ſure to hail us;—we'll drink a glaſs of flip or a can of grog together, if it's only to our better acquaintance.

[*Going.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

Oh, Sir, if you would grant me your patience for a few minutes, you might, perhaps, ſave a helpleſs creature from deſtruction. [*Kneels.*

Enter RODERICK.

RODERICK.

For ſhame!—You a ſailor, and ſuffer a woman to plead on her knees.——Raiſe her up, and then act towards her as humanity ſhall dictate.

[*Raiſes her.*

BOWLING.

Avaſt, brother, avaſt!—You talk in a lingo I have not been uſed to, d'ye ſee.——If ſo be, this dainty looking frigate ſees fit to pop down upon her marrow-bones before me, how can I help it?—What ſhe was ſaying, made ſuch a buſtle about my heart, that I thought no more of her kneeling, than I do now of ſailing to the Cape.——What would the poor girl have?

RODERICK.

Speak, Madam, you have nothing to fear.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Gentlemen, my ſtory is ſhort,—but my miſery, without your aſſiſtance, endleſs.——I am the only child of parents, whoſe indulgence has been my ruin.—At the age of ſixteen, I was followed, courted, and careſſed by all.—My father (peace to his

his memory,) ſaw the adoration beſtowed on his child, with pleaſure,—and, inſtead of reproving my vanity, adminiſtered to it, by every indulgence in the power of his fortune to beſtow.—To be brief:—A villain, under the faireſt appearance, impoſed on my protectors,—brought me to ſhame, and their gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave.—[*Weeping.*]——About the time I received this melancholy news, my betrayer forſook me,—left me to poverty and all its horrid conſequences, without the means of ſubſiſtence, but what aroſe from the diſpoſal of a ſcanty wardrobe, which has been ſince reduced to the poor garments I have on.—The landlord, from whom I rented a miſerable garret, has treated me with every contempt an unprincipled mind is capable of;—to-day he has threatened me with a priſon, unleſs I cancel the debt in a manner my nature ſhudders at. [*Weeps.*

BOWLING.

May the lubberly raſcal, who has driven you on this ſand-bank, never ſail but with the wind in his teeth;—may ſtorms, rocks, and quickſands meet him at every tack.——Tell me the ſcoundrel's name, that I may bear away from him, as I would from a port over-run with the plague.

MISS WILLIAMS.

His name is Jackſon.

RODERICK.

William Jackſon?

MISS WILLIAMS.

The ſame;—do you know him?

RODERICK.

Yes, Madam,—and will take care his uncle, who lodges at that houſe, ſhall know him too.——If you will give me leave to introduce you, there is a lady within, who will raiſe your depreſſed ſpirits, and reſtore you thoſe comforts a villain has robbed you of. [*Leading her off.*

BOWLING.

Harkee, brother,—no foul play with the girl.——You think, mayhap, becauſe I'm not quite ſo clean timbered as yourſelf, to make off with your prize, without firing a gun;—but avaſt, my boy,—I'm an old ſailor, and not to be chouſed by a ſtripling:—I'll give you chaſe, never fear,—bear down upon you with a broadſide, and reſcue this little boat from your piratical clutches.——Tom Bowling

Bowling never yet ſaw a ſhip in diſtreſs, without lending a hand to bring her to.

RODERICK.

Bowling!——Did you ſay your name was Bowling, Sir?

BOWLING.

Ay, Lieutenant Bowling, of the Thunder man of war.——[*Roderick runs and kneels to him.*]

RODERICK.

Oh, Sir, acknowledge your adopted child,—your poor Roderick,—who bleſſes heaven, that he once more contemplates the face of his benefactor.

BOWLING.

Rory!——Art thou Rory!—my poor ſiſter's ſon?—my own little Rory!——May I never eat biſcuit, if my old heart does not melt towards thee.—[*Raiſes him.*]——Why, Rory, thou art as ſtraight as a maſt, and as ſtrong as a cable.——I ſwear, by Neptune, I'd rather fall in with thee, than with a ſtore-ſhip, after a famine,—or freſh water, after a ſix-months' voyage.——Ah, my boy, I have been ſcurvily uſed.—After all my ſervices,

ſervices, I come back to old England, with neither money nor marbles,—all my ſtores thrown overboard,—and my rigging, as you ſee, ſhattered.—I and ſome more of the crew were wrecked, about five days ago, off Portland,—and having but little of the ready, when I came on ſhore, it was ſoon ſunk, becauſe I let them have ſhare and ſhare alike;—howſomever, I know I was wrong: I ſhould have remembered the old ſaying,—"Every hog his own apple;"—for, when they found my hold unſtowed, they went all hands to begging,—and, becauſe I wouldn't take a ſpell at the ſame duty, they refuſed to let me meſs,—and I have not broke biſcuit theſe two days.

RODERICK.

Oh, Sir! come with me;—I think I have intereſt enough in that houſe——

BOWLING.

Avaſt, my boy,—you forget the tight little veſſel, that lies of ſhore;—if you can't bring us both into port, I'll take her in tow myſelf,—double the cape of ſorrow,—and bring her to anchor in the harbour of induſtry.

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

Pardon me, Madam;—my mind was ſo agitated with the diſcovery you have been witneſs to, that I forgot the preſence of a third perſon.——I'll introduce you to the lady I mentioned, who has too much diſcernment, not to look upon your ſituation in the light it merits.

MISS WILLIAMS.

I ſhall be for ever indebted to you.——And now give me leave to congratulate this providential meeting;—ſomething tells me, it will prove a ſource of happineſs to us all.

GLEE.—*Three Voices.*

Tune,—"Call George again, boys."

Peace to the hearts that feel another's woe,
And bleſſed may they be, when they are laid low.
Great are the comforts that Charity brings,
More ſweet than the pomp and the riches of kings;
It gladdens the giver, when diſtreſs he relieves,
And pleaſures of heaven, on earth he receives.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Greenwich.*

Enter Sir TIPPY *and* NARCISSA.

SIR TIPPY.

A Very pleaſant place this, Narciſſa.——I have brought you to Greenwich for two reaſons;—firſt, to meet my old friend and correſpondent, Mr. Worthy, who is juſt arrived from Spain;—and ſecondly, becauſe I think a little variety and change of place, will put that fellow out of your head.——Have you declined ſo many good matches in the country, to throw yourſelf away, at laſt, upon a random chap, who has nothing but a tolerable perſon to recommend him!—for ſhame, girl!—have more ambition?——I ſhall never conſent to *his* ſparring with you, take my word for it.——Let me ſee what ſhip we muſt inquire for.—[*Takes out a letter.*]——Oh,—the Dolphin.

Enter MOLLY MACKEREL.

MOLLY.

Want any ſprats, Sir?

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

No, Child.——One can never walk upon the Quay, without meeting moleſtation from ſome quarter.

MOLLY.

My name, your honor, is not Molly Station,—it's Molly Mackerel.

SIR TIPPY.

Pho!—I don't care what your name is.——Can you tell me which is the Dolphin?

MOLLY.

Oh yes, Sir,—I goes there every day with ſprats.

SIR TIPPY.

What, I ſuppoſe, it's very large and commodious,—good accomodations?

MOLLY.

Bleſs your honor! 'tis not very large, nor commode-odius;—then for comodations, Sir, that's juſt as folks think;—there's a little kitchen for the family, and a bit of a back parlour, where they have ſquibs of a morning.

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

The morning is an odd time of day for fire-works.

MOLLY.

Ay, your honor, you may well call 'em fire-works,—for the doctors ſaid, they burnt my poor mother's liver out.

SIR TIPPY.

Well, lead the way, my girl.

MOLLY.

Yes, Sir;—and you'll ſay, it's one of the pret-tieſt pot-houſes you ever ſaw.

SIR TIPPY.

I don't want a pot-houſe, Child,—I am ſeeking for a wooden houſe.

MOLLY.

Oh, Sir, they were all pulled down, when the town was new-built.

SIR TIPPY.

In plain Engliſh then, I am looking for a ſhip, called the Dolphin.

MOLLY.

MOLLY.

Oh! I ax your honor a million of pardons.—This way, Sir.—[*Stops.*]——Only look, Ma'am, what a nice view there is of the park:—There's your fine *ſhadowy* groves and *turpentine* walks——This way, Sir——

SIR TIPPY.

Hold, my Girl,—I ſee the gentlemen I was in ſearch of, coming this way;——here's a ſhilling for you.

MOLLY.

Thank your honor.——Do, Sir, put a few ſprats into your pocket,—you are very welcome.

SIR TIPPY.

No, no, Child.——[*Molly going, turns back to Narciſſa.*]

MOLLY.

Would my ladyſhip like a few? [*Exit.*

Enter WORTHY, *on the oppoſite Side.*

SIR TIPPY.

Welcome to your native land, my old friend,—I am heartily glad to ſee you.——Mr. Worthy, this is my niece Narciſſa, and a good girl in the main.——Narciſſa, this is my friend Mr. Worthy.

NARCISSA.

Sir, you are welcome to England.—The honorable mention my uncle has repeatedly made of Mr. Worthy, forced me to conceive a very high opinion of him,—but my judgment tells me, there was no occaſion for panegyric, to create honor and reverence;—his own countenance is a ſufficient indication of his worth.

WORTHY.

My dear young Lady, I fear you flatter an old man;—it would make me happy to find you ſincere, becauſe the impreſſion is mutual.——Sir Tippy, give me leave to love and reſpect your niece,—and to declare the joy I feel at meeting my old friend in England, after an abſence of near twenty years;—'tis half that time, I think, ſince you were in Spain.

SIR TIPPY.

About it.——But come, my old boy, you have no lodging prepared, I ſuppoſe,—ſo we'll drive directly to mine.

WORTHY.

With all my heart;—and, perhaps, I can be accommodated in the ſame houſe during my ſtay in town,—which will be very ſhort.——I have a ſcattered

ſcattered family in the north, which I am anxious to make inquiry after;—particularly, to know the fate of an only ſon,—who will, if he is alive, either be the ſolace of my age, or ſhorten the few remaining years that providence allotted me.—— Oh, my friend, pity the feelings of a parent's heart,—who has ſet his happineſs on this one ſtake, and dreads to meet a diſappointment.

[*Exit, leading Narciſſa,—Sir Tippy following.*

SCENE II. *A Room at Lavement's.*

Enter RODERICK, BOWLING, *and* Miſs WILLIAMS.

BOWLING.

Avaſt, avaſt, Rory,—no more palaver;—I believe as how you are glad I'm come into port, though ſomewhat ſhattered;—and, as thou haſt not got the ſtuff to new-rig and fit me out, why we muſt tack about and ſteer to ſome other harbour.

RODERICK.

Never ſhall you apply to ſtrangers for relief, whilſt your adopted ſon is able to get his bread.—I have a quarter's ſalary now due, that will do for

the preſent;—in the mean-time, we will conſult together what plan is moſt likely to yield us ſupport.

BOWLING.

Harkee, my boy, let an old ſailor adviſe;—if you can ſwim aſhore with this tight little wench, why do't directly,—leſt, trying to ſave me, you get out of your depth, and we all ſink together.

RODERICK.

The young lady, I mentioned, is from home, at preſent;—when ſhe returns, Miſs Williams may command my beſt ſervices.

Enter STRAP, *with a Wig.*

STRAP.

Mr. Random——Od, I beg pardon for my boldneſs—I did not know you had company.

RODERICK.

Walk in;—here are none but friends.——Uncle, this is the man I told you of,—to whoſe fidelity I am indebted for every comfort I enjoy.——Strap, dont you remember my uncle, Lieutenant Bowling?

STRAP.

STRAP.

B—B—Bowling!——Why, ſure it can't be Squire Bowling?——It is, it is—I remember his face——but indeed, your honor, I ſhould never have known you in that diſguiſe.——Well, well, to be ſure I am no conjuror,—nobody minds me,—I am but a poor fooliſh barber,—but did not I ſay, that when things were at the worſt they'd mend?——Oh, Sir, I hope you are come to lift my poor maſter's head once more above water.

BOWLING.

Why lookee, brother, I am ſinking myſelf:—I've juſt fired a ſignal of diſtreſs,—and, as the only veſſel within gun-ſhot is in as bad a plight as my own, why, I think, the ſooner we founder, the ſooner we ſhall loſe ſight of our troubles.

STRAP.

You're right, Sir;—you talk like a lawyer:—I have been preaching in this way to him a great while.——I ſaid, ſays I,—you are a man that every body regards, and I am a fellow that nobody cares for;—you was born a gentleman, and I was born a ſimpleman;—you have learnt geography, and mathematics, and optics,—beſides having a gentlemanlike knowledge, in ſpreading plaiſters,

pounding drugs, drawing teeth, and bleeding;—now my learning goes no further than dreſſing people's heads, making braids, weaving hair, ſhaving, and making wigs,—*ecce ſignum*;—beſides a ſmall inſight into the latin and greek, which is of no uſe to me here,—for the people, at our houſe, are as ignorant of it as the parrot that hangs in the ſhop.——Now, Sir, ſays I,—you, being a great man, ſhould have a great ſoul, and great ſouls ſhould bear their misfortunes patiently——and ſo they ſhould, you know, Sir; or elſe, they might as well have been born poor like me, and lathered chins all their lives.——Now, Sir, though I did not quite underſtand what you ſaid juſt now, this, I take it, is the ſame in Engliſh.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Mr. Random, you have heard the advice of two people, very oppoſite in their opinions,—give me leave to ſpeak a word;——permit a woman to obſerve, that providence never forſakes the virtuous;—on that ground, you, and my honored friend here, need not deſpair.——I ſaid, at our firſt meeting, that ſomething whiſpered happineſs to us all.—Let us look forward, with hope and thankfulneſs;—always remembering, "that to be

"good

"good is to be happy."——This doctrine may appear odd, from one who has acted contrary, but woful experience has convinced me of its truth.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Random, the taylor you ſent for is below. [*Exit.*

RODERICK.

Uncle, if you pleaſe, I'll attend you.——Miſs Williams, I make no apology for leaving you a few minutes,—you know the occaſion. [*Exit.*

BOWLING.

Meſſmate, keep watch here, till you are relieved. [*Exit.*

STRAP.

May be I may watch a good while then;—for this little ſmiling laſs has made me feel a pain here, that won't be relieved in a hurry.—How pretty ſhe'd be if I might dreſs her hair?——Miſs, do you underſtand the trim of a wig?—now here's as neat a one as ever was put on a block;—it's for the great man that lodges here,—and yet he's but a little man neither;—but then, he has got the ſpirit of a lion.—Od, he ſquares his elbows, and

and tips you blows of all faſhions——Why, Miſs, do you know, he keeps a fellow, for nothing in the world but to be thumpt.——In my country it's a word and a blow,—but here, egad, they have blows, without any words at all.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Pray, Mr. Strap, what kind of a young lady is ſhe who lodges here?

STRAP.

Oh, the ſweeteſt creature!——I dreſs her hair, and—but mum—don't ſay a word about it—my maſter is over head and ears in love with her.——I could not think what ailed him, till to-day;—but now, I find I've juſt the ſame diſorder, tickling my poor little heart.——I wiſh you would preſcribe for me?

Enter Sir TIPPY, Mr. WORTHY, *and* NARCISSA.

SIR TIPPY.

Heyday, Mr. Barber, what are you about here?

STRAP.

I—I—I, Sir have brought your honor's wig?

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

And you were going to try it upon that lady, I ſuppoſe.——Come here, you ſon of a razor, and let me ſee it.——Very well,—what, is this the faſhion?

STRAP.

Yes, your honor, it's all the Ton.

SIR TIPPY.

Well, go to my room, and take the wig with you.

STRAP.

I wiſh I could take the young woman with me too. [*Exit.*

SIR TIPPY.

Narciſſa, lead the way to our dining room.

[*As they are going off, Roderick meets them, leading Miſs Williams.*

RODERICK.

I beg your pardon, Sir Tippy, for this intruſion.——I come an humble ſuppliant, in behalf of betrayed innocence.

SIR TIPPY.

Innocence of your own betraying, I ſuppoſe.

RODERICK.

RODERICK.

No, on my honor.——Accident introduced me to her, and I have pledged myſelf to procure her, at leaſt, a temporary aſylum.——You, Madam, will, I hope, enable me to keep my word;—grant it to her one night for my ſake, and, I think, you'll continue it for her own.

NARCISSA.

If I have your permiſſion, Sir.

SIR TIPPY.

Ay, ay, Child, take her with you, and hear what ſhe has to ſay for herſelf.

[*Exit Narciſſa, Miſs Williams, and Roderick.*

WORTHY.

What a noble-minded young man——does he live here?

SIR TIPPY.

Ay, he's journeyman to the renowned Monſieur Lavement, ſurgeon and apothecary.—The raſcal wants to creep into the good graces of Narciſſa, but it won't do;—it would be as unequal a match, as between Big Ben and Mendoza.

Enter

Enter Beau BILLY, *dreſſed in a knowing Stile.*

BEAU BILLY.

Well, Uncle, how do you like me now?——An't I quite natty, quite knowing, ha?

SIR TIPPY.

Ay, Child, now you look ſomething like;—now you have my leave to ſee your couſin;—ſhe is in the next room,—go and perſuade her to take a walk in the Park with you.—Speak to her in your beſt manner,—get her conſent, and you have mine to be married to her immediately.

BEAU BILLY.

Get her conſent!—that will be no difficult matter, I believe.—[*Going off conceitedly,—turns back to Mr. Worthy.*]——Ah, Old Buck, how are you. [*Exit.*

WORTHY.

Do you intend ſacrificing your niece to this vain, ſilly young man?——In my opinion, 'tis a much more unequal match, than the one you ſpoke of juſt now;—and I am much deceived, if ever the lady conſents to it.——Reflect, my friend, ere 'tis too late, on the evil conſequences that muſt attend ſuch a union.——Your niece is now on the brink

brink of a precipice,—plunge her not headlong;—but let the hand that has cheriſhed her from infancy, preſerve her in her greateſt need.

SIR TIPPY.

Ay, but the match is made,—bets are running high on both ſides,—and, if I give in, they'll call it diſhonorable.

WORTHY.

The word honor is ſtrangely perverted ſince I left England;—formerly 'twas reckoned a point of honor to pay your tradeſmen,—but now, gaming debts are all a gentleman thinks himſelf *obliged* to pay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſs WILLIAMS.

MISS WILLIAMS.

If every body in the houſe were as happy as poor I, what a jocund family we ſhould be.—— With what angelic benevolence, my kind friend heard the ſtory of my woe?—how tenderly did ſhe ſooth, how kindly promiſe me her protection?—Oh, that ſuch a prize, were meant to bleſs my poor deliverer.

STRAP.

STRAP *peeps in.*

Miſs—Miſs—may I come in and ſpeak a word to you?

MISS WILLIAMS.

Two or three, if you pleaſe.——Pray, where is Mr. Random?

STRAP.

Ah, poor gentleman—he is not what he has been.——Between ourſelves, I'm not quite certain that all is right here;—for, juſt now, when I told him that Madam Narciſſa was gone a walking with her couſin,—he ſtarted,—took up his hat, and ran out of the houſe.——Now Miſs, I think, this has but a queer ſort of a look.

MISS WILLIAMS.

It certainly has an odd appearance, and yet, Strap, perhaps it was only jealouſy.

STRAP.

You've hit it;—he's jealous, as ſure as can be, of Beau Jackſon.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Jackſon!——Is Miſs Narciſſa's couſin named Jackſon?

STRAP.

Ay, Beau Jackſon—or Beau Billy.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Mr. Random's diſtreſs is accounted for.—— I hope his fears for his miſtreſs have carried him after her,—not any ſolicitude on my account;—for his name raiſes no paſſion in my breaſt now but contempt. [*Aſide.*

STRAP.

I wiſh, Miſs, you would recommend me a wife;—ſhe would be as happy as a queen;—ſhe ſhould never do any thing, but ſit with her hair dreſſed all day long,—and I would make her a fine long braid, that ſhould reach down to here.—Would not that be nice, Miſs?

MISS WILLIAMS.

Very nice, indeed!—She could not fail of being happy, if her hair was always dreſſed.——But, Strap, if you had a wife, how could you keep her?

STRAP.

Keep her!—why, I can get half a guinea a week myſelf, beſides ſhaving of a Sunday;—then, you know, ſhe might amuſe herſelf with ſewing cuſhions, making pomatums, mixing powder, and the

the like;—ſo, between us both, we could pick up a very ſnug living.——What do you think of it, Miſs?——Could you like to be ſettled in a ſnug ſhop, with me for its maſter?

MISS WILLIAMS.

You hold out a tempting lure, Mr. Strap, but matrimony is not be entered into precipitately:—Let us be better acquainted, and then, if no faults are found on either ſide——

STRAP.

Faults!——Why, Miſs, the longer you know me, the better you'll like me:—I'm ſo good-natured——and, as for you, I don't think there is a fault about you.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Oh, you flatterer!

SONG.

I.

The men call us vain, and forget 'tis to them
We owe it;—be honeſt for once, and you'll ſee
Our minds are as pure and as bright as a gem:—
Till flatter'd by you, from conceit we were free.

II.

Tempt us not, ſpeak not more than you think,
Uſe not this language to each face that's new;
While you thus girls deceive, and from manhood you ſink,
Why ſhould you wonder that we deceive you? *Da Capo.*

III.

Form we a truce then, laſting and firm,
Ceaſe thoſe hoſtilities hurtful to all,
Baniſh the odium that has for a term,
Both in your ſex and ours, caus'd many a fall. *Da Capo.*

[*Exit.*

STRAP.

What a ſweet wench it is—I think ſhe beats any of our laſſes in the north——The north!—I like London better by half.

SONG.

I.

I'll not go back into the north,
To live on curds and whey;
I like not eating ſheep's-head broth,
Tho' other people may.
Give me a little roaſted pig,
With jelly, and ſome hare:—
Their bellies here, ſo round and big,
Shew plain they better fare.

I do

I do love to ſee 'em eat.——Napkin under chin—excellent, indeed!——"A glaſs of port, waiter"——I ſuppoſe, theſe are the *heads* of the pariſh—I am ſure, at leaſt, they are the *bellies* of the pariſh—I ſee nothing on their heads but——

Friz and quiz, club and tye periwig,
Bruſh about, full bottom very big,
Bowl of punch, take it off at a ſwig,
Turtle eat, belly full,—that's the rig,
When a feaſting before my Lord Mayor.

II.

Then, in the ſtreets, ſuch crowds there be
All buſtling quick along,
Lords, taylors, tinkers, dukes, you'll ſee
Together in the throng:
The ladies too, with cheeks ſo red,
So free, ſo kind, ſo fair,
They put ſuch thoughts into one's head,
'Twould make a ſaint to ſwear.

Then they are ſuch kind-hearted ſouls, they'll drink a glaſs with you, at any time;—not ſqueamiſh in their liquor neither,—they'd as ſoon have gin as water;—then it's always, "my dear,"—and, if it ſhould be a wet night, their houſes are always open to you for ſhelter, and——

Friz and quiz, &c.

III.

Old bachelors here thouſands are,
Altho' they pay a tax,
There's men in Fleet-Street better far,
Tho' made of nought but wax;
To ſee 'em walk, their heads you'd think
Would from their ſhoulders fall,
And, when together tea they drink,
Dear me, how they talk ſmall.

"Howdo do, my dear creter?—I hope, you took "no cold laſt night"——"Lud! how ſtrong this "tea is—'twill certainly affect my nerves"—— "How does little Muff?—he's a charming crea- "ture, and nearly as handſome as my Minxy— "if he had but——

Friz and quiz, &c.

IV.

Then, on a Sunday, how I've ſeen
The barbers ſkip about,
As if, all week, they'd priſoners been,
And then were juſt let out;
But when, at night, they waſh themſelves
From greaſe and flour clear,
They're lords and dukes, at Bagnigge-Wells,
With each his pretty dear.

Then who would not be a barber?—a hair-dreſſer I mean?——What a pleaſant thing it is, to throw duſt

duſt in the eyes of a fine lady;—but they don't mind it—nothing blinds them but flattery:—— Then to throw flour in the face of a lord, (juſt as you would duſt a fillet of veal for roaſting,)—but they don't mind it—nothing blinds them but money:——Then to come the double-curl to a ducheſs, or fit a maid of eighty, with one of your

Friz and quiz, &c.

V.

Then home, good-bye, with thee I've done,
And weaving greaſy hair,
If I ſtay here, like Whittington,
I may be made Lord Mayor;
Yet I have nothing that will be
A venture—like a cat:
There muſt be ſomething—let me ſee——
Oh, yes—I'll ſend my hat.

To be ſure, I ſhouldn't make a terrible Lord Mayor—I ſhouldn't cut a figure in a gilt coach, with a gold chain round my neck,—and one of your fine—large—great—

Friz and quiz, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Another Apartment.*

Enter NARCISSA, *meeting* Sir TIPPY *and* Mr. WORTHY.

NARCISSA.

Oh, Uncle—Mr. Worthy——I have been ſo frighted—ſo abuſed——

WORTHY.

My dear young Lady, what's the matter?

NARCISSA.

Why, Sir, in conſequence of my uncle's deſire, I went into the Park, attended by Mr. Jackſon, whoſe diſcourſe, all the way, ran into ſtrange levity,—at laſt, he became ſo exceedingly rude, both in his manner and converſation, that I was obliged to call out——My guardian angel interpoſed,—and, with a look, ſent the affrighted beau trembling away;—a coach was called,—my deliverer handed me in, and was ſtepping after me himſelf, when two bailiffs arreſted and carried him off,—heaven knows where!

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

You are obliged to him, to be ſure, for coming to your aſſiſtance, and, I hope, I ſhall thank him for it ſome day,—but you have no buſineſs to take on ſo for a ſtranger——

NARCISSA.

Oh, Sir, do not be angry with me——Mr. Random was my deliverer.

WORTHY.

Mr. Random, did you ſay?

SIR TIPPY.

What, our landlord's journeyman?

WORTHY.

My friend—Madam——is that young man I ſaw here called Random?

NARCISSA.

Yes, Sir—do you know the name?

WORTHY.

Yes, Madam, intimately—if I could ſee the owner——Excuſe me, Sir Tippy,—I muſt make further inquiry. [*Exit.*

SIR

SIR TIPPY.

What, you are all agog too, I ſuppoſe, to find out where they have carried him.——Well, well, for once I'll humour you—I'll ſend Strap to hunt him out, and, if he is above ground, that comical dog will find him, I'm ſure. [*Exit.*

NARCISSA.

What do the flutterings of my heart forebode?—I could almoſt bleſs that wretch for his behaviour, ſince nothing leſs could have diverted my uncle from his ſcheme.—The knowledge of his baſeneſs to Miſs Williams, I am ſorry to ſay, had not the effect I wiſhed,—but, added to this laſt action, may do wonders in my favor.——Perhaps I may yet be happy with the man of my choice—the hope ſhall be cheriſhed however diſtant.

SONG.

I.

Ye belles, who oft in circles meet
And charm the men, with looks ſo ſweet,
From ſmooth-tongu'd flatt'ry turn your ear,
The coxcomb's praiſe diſdain to hear.
For tho' his fortune great may be,
And perſon, title, all agree,
If ſuch a huſband you ſhould take,
Full ſoon, and oft, your heart will ach.

II. If

II.

If thou, kind fate, ſhould not refuſe
To bleſs me with the man I chooſe,
Endu'd with ſenſe firſt let him be,
No coward, fop, nor debauchee,—
His perſon manly, ſenſe refin'd,
His temper even, good, and kind;
If ſuch ſhould chance to be my lot,
I'll thank my ſtars for what I've got.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TIPPY, *followed by* Beau BILLY.

SIR TIPPY.

My niece has run away, you ſay?

BEAU BILLY.

Yes, Sir.——I did what man could do, to prevent it;—I am as valiant as Hercules,—but there was no ſtanding three to one.——I ſaw Random put her into a chaiſe and four, and, I ſuppoſe, they are on the road to Scotland——Let us purſue them inſtantly.

SIR TIPPY.

No, no——I once hoped to ſee my two neareſt relations happy together,—but as thoſe hopes are fled, by the miſconduct of one party, I muſt make myſelf happy with the other.—The unworthy one I diſcard for ever.——Do you come here this evening,

evening, and I'll introduce you to another lady, who will, I hope, treat you as you deſerve;—till then, I ſhall be engaged with lawyers to ſettle my affairs, differently, I confeſs, from what I once intended——Excuſe my leaving you ſomewhat haſtily, and don't fail to come at night. [*Exit.*

BEAU BILLY.

Bravo!——If Madam Narciſſa does but keep out of the way a few hours longer, I am made for ever.——When I came here, I was ſurpriſed to find the lady had not made her appearance,—ſo palmed this tale upon the old one,—and, ſince ſhe *has* not entered theſe doors, I'll take care ſhe *ſhall* not do it, till my buſineſs is finiſhed. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

RODERICK *diſcovered.*

RODERICK.

Was ever ſo unfortunate a raſcal as myſelf?—to be torn from my charming Narciſſa, juſt at the moment I had reſcued her—and by bailiffs too!——But why this arreſt?—Certainly there muſt be ſome error, for I do not know even the perſon's name, at whoſe ſuit they ſay it is.

Enter

Enter BAILIFF.

BAILIFF.

What, Maſter, ſo they have nabbed you at laſt —Come, come, keep up your ſpirits,—it's been many an honeſt gentleman's caſe——Nobody need be aſhamed of living in my houſe—you may live as comfortably as if you was at home, if ſo be, as how, you have got the ſtuff.——Come, Maſter, let me bring you a bottle of wine,—or, may be, you are a milkſop, and want your tea.——Here, Molly, get the gentleman tea ready, directly.

RODERICK.

You'll repent your miſtake—be aſſured, I am not the man you meant to take.

BAILIFF.

Not the man!—Why, do you think I don't know you?——I was never miſtaken, but once, in my life,—and that was in taking a woman of faſhion for a woman of the town.——Come, come, Maſter, if you don't call about you, we ſhall be after removing you to Newgate, unleſs you get bail,—and that, I believe, you don't expect.—[*Enter Servant, and whiſpers Bailiff.*]——Random!—there's no ſuch name in my cuſtody.

RODERICK.

Yes,—my name is Random.

BAILIFF.

The devil it is!—then we are in a wrong box, ſure enough.—[*Aſide.*]—Shew the gentleman up. ——Well, Sir, if ſo be, as how, your name is really Random, there has been a trifling miſtake; —but now you are at liberty to go, and there's an end on't.

RODERICK.

Not quite;—the miſtake will not be ſo trifling as you think, perhaps;—the laws of our country are very ſtrict in this caſe.——But, however, you may retire for the preſent;—when I have conſulted my friends, you will be further informed.

BAILIFF.

Dear Sir, I hope you will be tender;—there was no harm intended.

RODERICK.

Happily none has been *effected*.—No thanks to you.——I hear my friends—you may leave the room. [*Exit Bailiff.*

Enter

Enter Mr. WORTHY.

WORTHY.

Sir, I have heard of your misfortune from Narciſſa, and am come to liberate you.

RODERICK.

This generoſity to a ſtranger is——

WORTHY.

No more than the duty of one fellow-creature to another;—but, perhaps, I am influenced by ſomething ſtronger than common humanity.—— Your name, I think, is Random.——[*Roderick bows.*]——So is mine.

RODERICK.

Your name Random, Sir!

WORTHY.

It is—from Scotland.——Now inform me of your parents, and your family.

RODERICK.

Parents, alas! I have none;—nobody, who bears the name of Random, will acknowledge me —and yet I have a friend——

WORTHY.

Name him,—and he ſhall be mine likewiſe.

[*Eagerly.*

RODERICK.

My mother's only brother has been to me a father and a friend;—while he had means, his poor Roderick never knew diſtreſs,—but now the generous, good Lieutenant, is brought to poverty,—and I, without the means to help him.

WORTHY.

I will ſupply the means—the trueſt, beſt of men, ſhall be amply paid for all the favors he has ſhewn my boy.——Oh, Roderick! my darling ſon! receive a father's bleſſing.

[*Roderick kneels.*

Enter BOWLING *and* STRAP.

BOWLING.

What, are you ſnivelling!—begging for quarter!——I am ſorry, Rory, you are under hatches, becauſe, d'ye ſee, 'tis not in my power to releaſe you.——[*Goes up to Worthy.*]—Harkee, Old Gravity—'twas a lubberly trick of you, to clap my poor boy in the bilboes——Have a care Tom Bowling

Bowling does not come alongſide of you, when you are out of this garriſon;—that's all.

[*Strap kneels to Worthy.*]

STRAP.

Dear, good Sir, do not be angry at what that old gentleman ſays;—'tis his nephew you have arreſted, ſo no wonder he threatens you;—but indeed, if you'll releaſe my poor maſter, we'll all pray for you, as long as you live;—or, if you'll take it out in wigs and ſhaving, I'll work night and day, till you are paid.

WORTHY.

My honeſt fellow, your boon is granted,—your maſter ſhall be releaſed:—As for this old gentleman, I forgive what he has ſaid to me, on one condition.

BOWLING.

Avaſt, brother—I want no forgiveneſs, d'ye ſee, becauſe I ſaid nothing I am ſorry for;—but as you have releaſed my boy, why let's hear your condition.

WORTHY.

That you paſs your right, in that young gentleman, to me.

BOWLING,

No, damme, if I do——If Rory deſerts his colours, I can't help it,—but I'll never *diſcharge* him——The ſtorm ſwallowed every thing but this poor plank, and that I'll cling to while I've life.

STRAP.

I wonder what makes me feel ſuch a pain here, —it's juſt for all the world as if I was going to cry.

BOWLING.

Harkee, old gentleman, before we go, I would fain know what claim you have to——

WORTHY.

The claim that belongs to the huſband of your ſiſter Charlotte.——My dear brother, let the affection you bear the ſon, be extended to the father; —and the ſtudy of both ſhall be, to crown your future days with peace and plenty.

BOWLING.

Brother Random!——May I never go to ſea again, if I am not rejoiced to ſee you.

STRAP.

Tol lol de rol lol.

WORTHY.

You, my good fellow, ſhall be as happy as my power can make you.

STRAP.

And ſhall I always live with young Squire Random, and dreſs his hair and ſhave him?——Tol lol de rol.

WORTHY.

Come, my friends, let us diſcharge the debt, and return to the doctor's.

RODERICK.

The debt, Sir, is not mine;—the arreſt was a falſe one.——As we go out, every thing will be ſettled. [*Exit with Worthy.*

BOWLING.

Come along, meſſmate——A breeze ſets in for port,—and we ſhall be all ſafe moored, in a twinkling. [*Exit.*

STRAP.

A very happy barber. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Lavement's Houſe.*

Enter SOPHIA *and* Capt. O'DONNEL.

SOPHIA.

Well, Captain, I will not deny the pleaſure your father's approbation gives me,—and the future ſtudy of my life ſhall be, to deſerve it.

O'DONNEL.

By my conſcience, he muſt have had a heart harder than mine, if he had reſiſted your beauty, though he never ſaw it.——We'll be married immediately, and then I'll aſk your father and mother's conſent.

SOPHIA.

If you pleaſe, Captain, we'll aſk my parents' conſent *before* we are married.

O'DONNEL.

Arrah, my jewel, is it not all the ſame thing ——Pray, is poor Random come back?—He's a worthy lad; and I ſhould not ſcruple to call him friend.

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

There is another in the houſe, Captain, of your opinion, or I am much deceived.

Enter LAVEMENT.

LAVEMENT.

Ah, Monſieur Captain,—you take my daughter into corners, and you gallant my vife——Pray, vich is de favorite?

O'DONNEL.

Favorite!—Arrah, where would be my eyes, if I did not prefer the young one?——I like your wife very well,—and ſhall like her ſtill better, when ſhe is my mother;—which ſhe will be, when my little Soph and I have ſaid after the parſon.

LAVEMENT.

Do you mean de marriage?—de honorable?—Begar, you be my grond ſon-in-law.——Here take amy daughter, and bleſs you bote.

Enter Sir TIPPY *and* NARCISSA.

SIR TIPPY.

Any news, Monſieur, of my friend Worthy?——I wiſh he was come back,—for Narciſſa is very

very dull, and I am not very good company—[*Knocking without.*]——Why, ſure that's he.

Enter Mr. WORTHY, RODERICK, BOWLING, *and* STRAP.

WORTHY.

My dear friends, congratulate me—I left this houſe full of doubt and anxiety, but return to it with joy.——Oh, Sir Tippy, I have made a diſcovery that, I think, will afford happineſs to you and your charming niece;—to whom I preſent this young man, as my ſon,—and this brave veteran, as a much-loved brother.——I am no longer your old correſpondent Worthy,—but ſhall be happy to continue the title of friend, under the name of Random.

SIR TIPPY.

Mr. Random, I look forward to your happineſs, with as much delight as I ſhould do to a pitched battle, between two of the firſt men in the kingdom.——You, young gentleman, are, I believe, worthy of ſuch a father and uncle.——Narciſſa, make your own acknowledgments to your deliverer, they will be better received than from an old man.—[*Enter Servant, announcing Beau*

Beau Billy.]——So, he's true to his appointment. ——You two young folks, ſtep into the next room, and ſend Miſs Williams here.

[*Exit Roderick and Narciſſa.*

Enter Beau BILLY.

BEAU BILLY.

Well, Uncle, here I am, in top ſpirits, ready to be introduced to my intended.——Old one, how are you?—[*Bows to Worthy, who retires in diſguſt.*]——Ha, my heart of oak, are you come to witneſs my happineſs?

BOWLING.

No!—[*Turns up.—Sir Tippy goes towards the door.*

SIR TIPPY.

Come, Madam, be not alarmed, but give me leave to introduce you to my nephew.

Enter Miſs WILLIAMS.

BEAU BILLY.

Miſs Williams!—the devil!

MISS WILLIAMS.

Mr. Jackſon, well may you ſtart at the ſight of one you have ſo cruelly injured.——Reflect a moment

ment on the baſeneſs of your paſt behaviour, and let it be a warning to you in future.

WORTHY.

Yes, Sir, let it be a leſſon to you and all the world, that, of all crimes, there cannot be a greater, than firſt to ſeduce, then abandon, that innocence it is the duty of every man to protect.——There is not, perhaps, under the canopy of heaven, ſo piteous an object as a fair, penitent, deluded woman:—Robbed of character, every avenue to maintenance is ſtopt;—ſcorned by her own ſex, ſhe falls a prey to ours,—till thoſe attractions, which were once the admiration, now are the diſguſt of all beholders:—Subject to the inclemency of the ſeaſon, with hunger, thirſt, and all the various miſeries that poverty can inflict,—ſhe drags on a wretched exiſtence, till providence puts a period to her ſufferings, by the kind hand of death.——Think, Sir—think, on this;—and may every obſerver write it, on the moſt retentive tablet of his mind.

SIR TIPPY.

I hope, this leſſon will have a good effect on all preſent.——You, Strap, I obſerved, ſtopt your ears while Mr. Worthy was ſpeaking.

STRAP.

STRAP.

Yes, Sir;—formerly, when I heard a good thing, it came in at one ear and went out at t'other,—but, for the time to come, I'm determined to put a ſtop to that.

SIR TIPPY.

Well, Sir, what reparation can you make to this lady?

MISS WILLIAMS.

To me, he can never make any;—for were he even to offer me his hand, I would refuſe it,—ſince a knowledge of his character, has ſhewn it too contemptible to intereſt my future happineſs.

SIR TIPPY.

Madam, I applaud your ſpirit, and ſhall follow ſo laudable an example.——Mr. Jackſon, I told you of my intention to diſcard the unworthy part of my family——you are the only one that anſwers that deſcription——from this day, I wiſh never to ſee your face again.

BEAU BILLY.

Sir, I thought my couſin's imprudence, in eloping with Random.

SIR TIPPY.

Are you ſure they are eloped?

BEAU BILLY.

Oh, I'll pledge my veracity upon that.

SIR TIPPY.

Who are theſe two then?

Enter RODERICK *and* NARCISSA.

BEAU BILLY.

Oh, ho—— [*Exit.*

SIR TIPPY.

Well, Children, which of you is to aſk conſent?

WORTHY.

Sir Tippy, let us give it generouſly, without aſking.——Brother Bowling, how do you like your nephew's choice?

BOWLING.

Odſbobs, ſhe a notable prize—finely built, and glorioufly rigged,—and if ſhe is not well-manned when you have the command of her, ſirrah, you deſerve to go to ſea in a cockle-ſhell——No offence, I hope, niece—I'm a plain ſeafaring man, but wouldn't willingly give pain to any body.

O'DONNEL.

O'DONNEL.

Faith, Mr. Random, you have the luck—— Nay, by St. Patrick, ſo have I too;—for my little girl has promiſed to tie me up in a nooſe, the ſame day that you are fettered.

STRAP.

Heigho!—I wiſh I had a wife!

NARCISSA.

Strap, ſhall I recommend you one?

STRAP.

I wiſh, Ma'am, you would ſpeak a good word to Miſs.

BOWLING.

Let a rough tar ſpeak——Miſs Williams, Strap is as honeſt a lad as ever walked deck—his heart's where it ſhould be—he's worth a ſhip's crew of ſuch waterflies as Beau Jackſon——if you were as well acquainted with him, as my nephew here, you'd ſnap at him, like a ſhark at a dead body.

STRAP.

Do, Miſs, play the ſhark, and ſnap—you won't have much trouble in catching me.

MISS WILLIAMS.

And yet, Mr. Strap, I believe you are worth ſome trouble——Here, take my hand—from this day, our fates are united.

WORTHY.

And, from this day, you ſhall be independent. ——What think you, Sir Tippy.

SIR TIPPY.

Why, I was thinking who were the beſt boxers —they ſhall be engaged to entertain the ladies, and the three weddings ſhall be celebrated together.

WORTHY.

And now, my friends, we have only to wiſh, the world may look with a favorable eye on our failings;—and, if this effort to amuſe, has not ſucceeded,—the *Civilian* ſhall plead the cauſe of *Roderick Random*.

FINIS.

THE

CIVILIAN;

OR,

FARMER TURNED FOOTMAN.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Laconic,	Mrs. Laconic,
Temple,	Harriet,
Dedimus,	Governeſs,
Watchman,	Goſſip.
Servant,	
Bumkin.	

THE

CIVILIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Chamber in Temple's Lodging.*

Enter TEMPLE *and* DEDIMUS.

TEMPLE.

I SHOULD ſuppoſe, Dedimus, from the variety of places you have lived in, and the people of faſhion you have ſerved, that you can be no novice in the art of intrigue——Indeed, from the ſhort time you have lived with me, I have had occaſion, more than once, to commend your fidelity and addreſs;—and it ſo happens, that I now can give you an opportunity of exerting both;—in which, if you ſucceed, my gratitude ſhall be expreſſed in ſomething more ſubſtantial than words.

DEDIMUS.

DEDIMUS.

You are pleaſed, Sir, to compliment, and, I fear, over-rate my poor abilities:—However, ſuch as they are, I ſhall be happy to employ them to the utmoſt in your ſervice.

TEMPLE.

I thank you, and will give you an inſight into my ſcheme.——Some ſhort time before you came to live with me, I was ſent for to Chelſea, to tranſact buſineſs for the governeſs of a boarding ſchool,—and, as the nature of my employment required conſtant attendance for more than a week, I had frequent opportunities of ſeeing and converſing with the boarders;—in ſhort, my heart fell a ſacrifice to the lovely Harriet Laconic, and I was happy to find in the dear girl ſentiments that accorded with my own.——I carried on my court for ſome time, till at length we were diſcovered, and I forbad the houſe.——I have practiſed every art to gain aeceſs, but hitherto without effect;—many letters I have ſent, but received no anſwers:—Now, as my laſt reſource, I have here written one, propoſing an immediate elopement.—The means of conveying this to her, and the plan of her eſcape, I leave to thy ſkill and addreſs.

[*Gives the letter.*

DEDIMUS.

DEDIMUS.

Sir, I have the moſt ſanguine hopes;—many a deſponding lover have I brought to the ſight of his miſtreſs, when greater obſtacles have ſtood in his way;—in ſhort, Sir, I have been a friend to lovers ever ſince I experienced the tender paſſion myſelf.

TEMPLE.

What, Dedimus! have you been in love?

DEDIMUS.

Oh yes, Sir, frequently.—So well am I ſkill'd in the ſcience of that noble paſſion, that I almoſt think myſelf invincible:—The black, the fair, the brown, have all in turn acknowledged the force of my addreſs.

TEMPLE.

As a proof of it, let me ſee how ſoon you can bring an anſwer to my letter.

DEDIMUS.

'Tis a good way to Chelſea, Sir,—but, in the cloſe of the evening, expect good news. [*Exit.*

TEMPLE.

This man's confidence give me hopes, and yet I dare not flatter myſelf.——Old Laconic is a man

man I never ſaw, but have heard him deſcribed as a rich, covetous, old fellow, impatient of control, and overbearing to the laſt degree.—Knowing this to be his character, what ſucceſs could I expect were I openly to demand his daughter?—The emoluments of my employment, as a Civilian, are little more than a genteel livelihood, and, I ſuppoſe, the old gentleman will not think fortune on one ſide ſufficient;—I am, therefore, determined to riſk his diſpleaſure;—for, without my Harriet, I muſt be miſerable.

SONG.

Oh! was I a monarch, and plac'd on a throne,
My Harriet with pleaſure I'd claim for my own:
Or, were I poſſeſs'd of the mines of Peru,
No girl ſhould ſhare with me, dear Harriet, but you,
What tho', deareſt charmer, my means are but ſmall,
My heart is ſincere, and, to me, thou art all.
Oh grant me, kind fortune, my Harriet for life,
And take all the reſt, 'tis but nonſenſe and ſtrife.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Room in Old Laconic's Houſe.*

Mr. *and* Mrs. LACONIC *diſcovered at Breakfaſt.* BUMKIN *attending.*

MRS. LACONIC.

Another cup, love?

LACONIC, [*reading a newſpaper.*]

No.

MRS. LACONIC.

Do, my dear;—you have had but two.

LACONIC, [*ſtill reading.*]

No, I won't, I tell you.

MRS. LACONIC.

Well, my dear, as you pleaſe.——Take away the things, young man.

BUMKIN.

Anon!

MRS. LACONIC.

Take away, ſtupid.

BUMKIN.

BUMKIN.

Stupid!——Oh!—[*Goes to Old Laconic, and pulls him by the ſleeve.*]——My miſtreſs ſays, I mun take you away.

LACONIC.

What is that you ſay, raſcal?

MRS. LACONIC.

Oh! my dear, don't mind him;—'tis only his ſtupidity.——Blockhead! I bad you take away the tea-things.—Learn to do as you are bid, without reply;—and, when you are aſked a queſtion, inſtead of "Anon," you muſt ſay, "Yes, Ma'am."

BUMKIN.

Yes, Ma'am. [*Takes up the tea-things.*

MRS. LACONIC.

You go very clumſily about it——Be ſure you tumble them all down ſtairs.

BUMKIN.

Yes, Ma'am. [*Throws them all off at the wing.*

MRS.

MRS. LACONIC.

You aukward, clumſy wretch——take that—and that—— [*Boxing him.*

BUMKIN.

Yes, Ma'am. [*Exit.*

MRS. LACONIC.

Really, Mr. Laconic, if I may be allowed to ſpeak, I think you were wrong, to take your tenant's ſon from the country and make a footman of him.——I am afraid he will never anſwer your purpoſe;—the fellow is ſuch a fool.

LACONIC.

I'm glad on't—I'm glad on't——Your great folks of old kept their fools, and why may not I?——Beſides, if we have but one fool in the family, we may think ourſelves very well off;—few of my neighbours, I believe, can ſay as much.——[*Takes up the newſpaper.*]—Um—um—um—" His lordſhip begged leave to inform the " houſe"——

MRS. LACONIC.

What do you think, my dear, of Harriet learning muſic?——If I may be allowed to ſpeak——

LACONIC, [*reading.*]

" The ſpeaker called the houſe to order"——

MRS. LACONIC.

Well but, my dear, what ſay you?—The girl is very fond of muſic,—and, I think, it is but a reaſonable requeſt.——My dear, you do not anſwer my queſtion.

LACONIC, [*reads.*]

" The queſtion was immediately put"——

MRS. LACONIC.

Suppoſe we write to the governeſs, to provide her a maſter?——She has my conſent,—and, I hope, ſhe has yours.

LACONIC, [*reads.*]

" Ayes 110.—Noes 111."

MRS. LACONIC.

Why don't you ſpeak, love?

LACONIC.

No! I tell you, no!——What! am not I to be maſter of my own houſe?—Am I to be directed

rected by a woman?——She ſhall learn muſic when I ſee fit:—I'll have no more expences.——She has learnt to dance theſe five years, and I have paid the piper.

MRS. LACONIC.

Well, but ſhe ſhall leave off dancing, provided ſhe may learn muſic.

LACONIC.

Well, well,—on that condition, I have no objection.——You may write to the governeſs, and tell her, I ſay ſo.

MRS. LACONIC.

My dear, with your permiſſion, I think 'twill be better to write to Harriet herſelf.

LACONIC.

You are right to ſay, with my permiſſion;—without that you could do nothing.——Write immediately, and ſend Bumkin with the letter.—[*Exit Mrs. Laconic.*]——What a great ſatisfaction it is, to have the upper hand of one's wife, and the whole family in ſubjection.——If I ſmoke a pipe at my neighbour's over the way, his wife comes bouncing into the room, enters into converſation

ſation without ever aſking leave, and ſeems to have more authority in the houſe than her huſband.—Whereas, if I do but nod, they know my meaning, and execute it accordingly.—'Tis an old ſaying, that "bachelors wives are well governed,"—but I'll let them ſee, that old Laconic's wife is well governed, and all his family into the bargain.

SONG.

I.

The man that's wife will not deſpiſe
The counſel I am giving,
To keep his wife from making ſtriſe
And diſcord, whilſt he's living
Muſt mind this rule, not play the fool
Nor hold too ſlack a bridle,
But curb her tight, both day and night:
Oh, then ſhe'll not be idle.

II.

Should you give way, and to her ſay,
"My love, my heart's deſire;"
She'll ſoon look big, pull off your wig
And throw it in the fire:
Or, if a friend an hour ſhould ſpend,
To drink a cheerful glaſs,
She'll ſcold and brawl, and you ſhe'll call
A drunken ſot, and aſs.

III. But

III.

But if you're ſtout, and don't give out,
For breeches fighting ſtoutly,
Ma'am ſoon will yield, give up the field,
Obeying moſt devoutly:
Then you may ſmoke, or crack a joke,
Your friend enjoy with pleaſure;
She dare not then rebel again,
Leſt you her back ſhould meaſure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Street in Chelſea.*

"Boarding School for young Ladies," over the left-hand Door.

Enter DEDIMUS.

DEDIMUS.

Now to attack the boarding ſchool.——In what character ſhall I make my firſt attempt?——Eh! —Somebody comes——Oh! it's ſome booby freſh from the country.

Enter BUMKIN, *looking at the Letter.*

BUMKIN.

I wiſh maſter had ſent ſomebody elſe about this buſineſs, for I ſhall never find the place——Oh!

here's a gentleman, I'll ax him.——Pray, Sir, can you tell me where the ſchool-miſtreſs lives?

DEDIMUS.

School-miſtreſs, friend?

BUMKIN.

Ay, her that teaches young women to read, and write, and ſew.

DEDIMUS.

I don't underſtand who 'tis you want?

BUMKIN.

Can you read written hand?

DEDIMUS.

Oh yes.

BUMKIN.

Then tell me where to take that.

DEDIMUS, [*reads.*]

" For Miſs Harriet Laconic, at the Ladies'
" Boarding School, Chelſea."

BUMKIN.

BUMKIN.

Ay, that's it.——I wiſh ſhe had it,—that I might go home again;—I've been wandering about here an hour, and could not find her out:—Maſter will be plaguy croſs at my tarrying ſo long, and I forgot to tell him I could not read.

DEDIMUS.

What, then you live with old Laconic, Thomas?

BUMKIN.

My name's not Thomas.

DEDIMUS.

No!

BUMKIN.

No.—I'm called Cymon Bumkin.—How are you called?——[*Dedimus takes from his pocket an old letter, and gives it to Bumkin, who does not perceive the cheat.*]

DEDIMUS.

Swapum.

BUMKIN.

Swapum?

DEDIMUS.

DEDIMUS.

Good bye, Mr. Bumkin.—That is the houſe you are in ſearch of;—knock at the door, and you'll be right. [*Exit.*

BUMKIN.

Thank you kindly, Mr. Swapum.——What a fine thing learning is—it makes folks ſo plaguy ſharp;—I dare ſay, there's not one in this great town but what can read, and write, and cypher. —How ſoon he read th' ſubſcription, as th' old man calls it.—I warrant me he's a parliament-man, or an exciſeman.——They're ſo deſperate civil too.—'Twere cruel kind on him to ſet me right.—[*Knocks.*]——It's dirtied plaguily.—[*Spits on the letter, and rubs it on his ſleeve.*]

Enter SERVANT.

BUMKIN.

Pray, young man, does th' ſchool-miſtreſs live here?

SERVANT.

School-miſtreſs!——This is a boarding ſchool, friend.—Can't you read? [*Pointing to the board.*

BUMKIN.

BUMKIN.

No;—if I could I ſhould have been here an hour ſooner.——Mr. Laconic ſent me with this letter, and I muſt give it to the miſtreſs herſelf.

SERVANT.

Oh! what you have a letter for my miſtreſs? —Pleaſe to walk this way, Sir.

BUMKIN.

Sir!——How deſperate civil theſe London folk are. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DEDIMUS.

DEDIMUS.

Ha! ha! ha!—Mr. Cymon Bumkin, I thank you.——What a lucky ſtroke for my maſter!—— I gave the fool an old love epiſtle, I have had in my pocket theſe three weeks.——By your leave, Mr. Laconic, I muſt make myſelf maſter of the contents of this;—perhaps it may be a means of introducing me to Miſs Harriet.—[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]——"Dear Child, I have, with much "perſuaſion, prevailed upon your father;—he "ſays you may learn muſic, provided you give "up dancing.—Your governeſs will provide you "with

" with a maſter.—Your affectionate mother.——
" P. S. Since I wrote the above, your father has
" agreed with the organiſt of our church to attend
" you;—he'll be at Chelſea this evening."——
Better and better.——Here's a fine opportunity of ſhewing my talents to advantage.—I muſt repreſent this organiſt, and, by that means, convey my maſter's letter to his miſtreſs——But hold—ſuppoſe I ſhould be aſked to give a proof of my abilities on the harpſichord?——Well,—in that caſe, I muſt e'en truſt to chance, and my own modeſt aſſurance. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Boarding School.*

Enter GOVERNESS, *followed by* BUMKIN.

GOVERNESS.

You live with Mr. Laconic, do you?

BUMKIN.

Yes,—if you call it living;—but, for my part, I call it ſtarving.——If there's no better doings for poor ſervants in London, I wiſh I was i' th' country again.

GOVERNESS.

GOVERNESS.

You are but lately come to your place, I preſume.

BUMKIN.

It's three days ſince I left father's houſe i' th' country;—we had good living there, miſtreſs, and plenty on't,—and I, like a fool, mun come to London, to live i' th' kitchen, eat mouldy cruſts, and ſuck marrow bones——But hold—here's a letter.

GOVERNESS.

Heyday!—What dirty letter is this?——Why 'tis open, and not directed to me.

BUMKIN.

Ne'er heed that;—open it, and th' inſide will tell you all about it. [*Governeſs opens the letter.*

GOVERNESS.

Can you read, friend?

BUMKIN.

No, miſtreſs, I wiſh I could.

GOVERNESS.

GOVERNESS.

I am afraid you are an impoſtor,—and your living with Mr. Laconic, I look upon as a deception.

BUMKIN.

Miſtreſs, I'm no poſtor,—and, as to th' exception, I knows nothing at all of the matter.

GOVERNESS.

Go——You are a numſkull.

BUMKIN.

Why, mayhap I may;—I cannot ſay much for my ſkull——To be ſure it has not ſo much frizzleum about it as yours has.

GOVERNESS.

You impudent fellow, how dare you talk to me?——Do you come to rob the houſe?

BUMKIN.

No;—there is but one thing i' th' houſe I'd give two-pence for,—and that's myſelf.

GOVERNESS.

Oh! very well—[*Goes towards the door.*]—I'll ſend a peace officer,—and we'll ſee if he can't teach you better manners. [*Exit, locking the door.*

BUMKIN.

A piece of an officer!——Oh! that muſt be a ſerjeant.——Teach me!——Oh—oh—[*Imitating the exerciſe.*]——I don't like that—I paid ſmart once already—ſo I'll be off——Dear me! it's faſt ——[*Speaks through the key hole.*]—I'll not liſt—ſo you had better let me out.

S O N G.

I.

I'll run away, I will not ſtay, a ſoldier to be made;
I'd ſooner go to plough and ſow,—'tis far the ſafer trade:
With their pop—pop—ſhoot, and kill, and ſlay——
Let thoſe who like go out and fight,—at home I'd rather ſtay.

II.

Some folks may chooſe, and to amuſe, take piſtol, ſword, and gun:
To have one's head ſhot full of lead, I call it no great fun.
With their pop, &c.

III.

I'd rather die i' th' country, and be carry'd to my burying,
Than they ſhould take, and of me make a powder-puff red herring.
With their pop, &c.

IV.

But up I'll creep the chimney ſteep, and tarry there all night,
Before I'll cock a firelock, or go abroad to fight.
With their pop, &c.

[*Exit up the chimney.*

SCENE V. *Another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter HARRIET, *ſinging.*

S O N G.

I.

How hard is the fate of her who's confin'd,
By the will of a parent's hard heart;
Or forc'd far away, when ſhe's much more inclin'd
From one object never to part:
The promiſe I made him ſhall ne'er be forgot,
In ſpite of them all, their plots have miſcarry'd:
I'll have him, tho' forc'd to inhabit a cot,
And, Oh! if I don't, may I never be marry'd,

II.

When he left me behind him, he ſwore I was dear,
Could I think he was making a jeſt?
He'll confirm it I'm ſure.—If my lover was here,
His Harriet, would ſurely be bleſt.
To my love I've been true, ſince the day that we met,
Their ſchemes and devices, with ſkill I have parry'd,
I pledg'd him my vows, which I ne'er will forget,
I wiſh, if I do, I may never be marry'd.

Enter GOVERNESS, *followed by* DEDIMUS.

GOVERNESS.

Miſs Harriet, I have juſt received a letter from your mamma,—in which, we have orders for your immediately learning muſic.——This gentleman brought the letter, and informs me, he is the perſon your papa has appointed to teach you,—the organiſt of——

DEDIMUS.

St. Thomas', Ma'am;—and though it does not become me to boaſt of my own abilities, yet I do aſſure you, upon the honor of a gentleman, I am eſteemed a moſt finiſhed performer.——I have the beſt left hand in the city of London;—then for croſſing the arms—running the octaves

—cadenzas—or cantabilies——You have no inſtrument in the room, I ſee, or you ſhould have a ſpecimen.

GOVERNESS.

There is one in the next room, Sir.

DEDIMUS.

Oh! never mind—no matter—ſome other time.

HARRIET.

Pray, Sir, when will it be convenient for you to give me the firſt leſſon?

DEDIMUS.

This evening, Miſs—I'll endeavour to be with you at five o'clock;—at preſent, I am obliged to attend a lady in the town, who has been a ſcholar of mine ſome time.

HARRIET.

Pray, Sir, what is your name?

DEDIMUS.

Diapaſon, Miſs—[*Croſſing the governeſs.*]—Organiſt of St. Thomas'——Mrs. Laconic, I believe, has mentioned me in her letter.

GOVERNESS.

GOVERNESS.

Apropos, my dear, you have not yet ſeen the letter. [*Offering it.*

DEDIMUS.

Give me leave, Ma'am—[*Takes the letter from the governeſs, exchanging it for Temple's, which he gives to Harriet.*]——Ladies, for the preſent, I take my leave.——Madam, your moſt obedient—Miſs Harriet, yours. [*Bows, and exit.*

GOVERNESS.

Upon my word, a very pretty kind of a young man,—and has a great deal more to ſay for himſelf, than muſic maſters generally have——But come, my dear, we ſhall be wanted in the ſchool room. [*Exit.*

HARRIET.

Ha! ha! ha!—What a ſtrange contrivance!—I am ſure Temple ought to be very much obliged to the organiſt!——But let me ſee what he ſays:——"Deareſt Harriet, words cannot "paint the anguiſh I have felt, ſince your go-"verneſs forbad me her houſe;—I have tried "various means to convey a letter, but without "effect.—A few days ago, I was lucky enough

" to engage the ſervant from whom you will re-
" ceive this"——Admirable, indeed!——" he
" has a head to plan, and addreſs to execute,
" whatever my Harriet and he ſhall agree upon.
" ——Be careful of a diſcovery,—and, I flatter
" myſelf, Dedimus will, in a little time, find
" means to convey you to the arms of your affec-
" tionate Temple."

DEDIMUS, *peeping at the Door.*

Miſs—Miſs—is the coaſt clear?

HARRIET.

Yes—you may come in, Mr. Organiſt.

DEDIMUS.

How do you like my acting, Ma'am?

HARRIET.

'Twas excellent, indeed——You deceived even me—I really thought you were the organiſt.

DEDIMUS.

I have been liſtening in the paſſage till the old lady left you;—and now, Ma'am, for planning your

your eſcape.——Suppoſe you give them the ſlip in boy's clothes?

HARRIET.

Pray think of ſomething elſe—I ſhall never have courage for that.

DEDIMUS.

Let me ſee——I have it, Ma'am.——I have often ſeen your father, and know his dreſs and manner perfectly—I am reckoned a pretty good mimic—ſuppoſe I dreſs myſelf, and put the cheat upon the governeſs?

HARRIET.

Well,—and what then?

DEDIMUS.

Why then, you know, I carry you to ſee your aunt, who is very ill——I have it all here, Miſs ——[*Governeſs, who had been liſtening, comes down, puſhes Harriet away, and takes her place.—Dedimus, who was going, returns.*]——Ma'am, I hope, when you are married, you won't forget the organiſt—I dare ſay, you'll often laugh, to think how I humm'd the governeſs.

[*Turns and ſees her—runs off.*

GOVERNESS.

GOVERNESS.

Upon my word, a finiſhed performer.

HARRIET.

I am glad he meets with your approbation, Ma'am.

GOVERNESS.

Are you, Miſs?—but your behaviour does not;—and I ſhall take care your parents are inſtantly informed of it.——In the mean time, Miſs, pleaſe to walk in here.

[*Shuts her in a cloſet, and exit.*

SCENE VI. *A Room in old Laconic's Houſe.*

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. LACONIC.

LACONIC.

Is Bumkin come back?

MRS. LACONIC.

No, my dear.

LACONIC.

What can detain the fellow?—I wiſh he was in the country again with all my heart, for he is continually

continually making blunders of ſome kind.—— His father thought London would poliſh him a little, ſo I conſented to try him one year,—but hang him, he is ſuch a fool, there is no driving common ſenſe into him.

Enter GOSSIP.

MRS. LACONIC.

Well, goſſip, what is the matter?

GOSSIP.

Oh, Ma'am! a great deal is the matter—But firſt, here is a letter for my maſter——And now, Ma'am, what do you think the man who brought it has been telling me?——Why, Ma'am, he ſays Miſs Harriet has made an attempt to break out of ſchool, on purpoſe to go to that Mr.—Mr.— What do you call him?—that made ſuch fuſs about her before.—He ſays, Ma'am, that Miſs was caught in the fact,—and that the governeſs hurried her away, and locked her up;—and that, when the maid brought her dinner, ſhe made three attempts upon her life;—once with the knife, —then with the fork,—and the laſt time with the ſpoon;—and he ſays, Ma'am, that all this was brought

brought about, by a man who ſaid he was an organiſt, ſent by my maſter;—and he called himſelf Mr. Die-in-a-paſſion.

LACONIC.

It's a lie—it can't be——and the man who brought it is an impoſtor.——What ſort of a fellow is he?

GOSSIP.

Why, Sir, he is a very odd ſort of a fellow—and, now you put me in mind of it, I think he looks like an impoſtor.——He has got on a brown coat, a brown waiſtcoat, brown breeches, and a brown wig.

LACONIC.

Ay,—thereby hangs a tail.

GOSSIP.

No, Sir, 'tis a bob.

LACONIC.

Bob who?

GOSSIP.

A bob wig, Sir.

LACONIC.

LACONIC.

Confound the wench!—when I am talking about my daughter, ſhe's raving about wigs.

MRS. LACONIC.

My dear, let me read the letter.—[*Reads.*]—"Sir, I beg to ſee you immediately—I have detected your daughter in a correſpondence with "young Temple, the perſon I before informed "you of.—She is confined to her room till you "arrive."

LACONIC.

Give me my hat—I'll go inſtantly.

MRS. LACONIC.

You had better let me go, my dear;—you are ſo paſſionate——beſides, the governeſs does not know you.

LACONIC.

Give me my hat, I ſay.——Pretty work——[*Walking about.*]——Who is this Temple?—I'll Temple and Tower him too.——How do I know but the governeſs is in a plot with him, for five hundred

hundred pounds, when Miſs is married?——How do I know but——I'll go to her immediately.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Laconic.*

GOSSIP.

Harriet attempting to run away!—and, becauſe ſhe is prevented, going to kill herſelf!——The firſt attempt I applaud,—there was life, there was ſpirit in it,—'twas doing what every girl, in the ſame ſituation, would like to do;—but as to killing one's ſelf, that is carrying the joke a little too far.——Why, I myſelf—ſimple as I look—have had in my time, I dare ſay, twenty ſweethearts;—and, though I liked them all very well, I ſhould be ſorry to make my little finger ache for the beſt of them.——No, no,—women may profeſs this and that,—but, take my word for it, they like nobody half ſo well as themſelves.

SONG.

I.

When I was a girl, I was courted by all,
By the young, by the old, by the muliſh,
By the fat, by the lean, by the ſhort, by the tall;
Some were wiſe, but the moſt part were fooliſh:

They

They chatter'd, they flatter'd, they coax'd me, they teiz'd me,
By turns they were jealous, and fawning;
When ſtupid they vex'd me, when lively they pleas'd me,
When ſilent they ſet me a yawning.

II.

Tom Trip was a beau, and he danc'd very fine,
He ſwore I was lovely and charming:
"My angel," ſays he, "if you'll deign to be mine,
"To the church we will go in the morning."
But Tom, tho' he danc'd, was no huſband for me,
So I told him, without heſitation,
That cutting of capers would never win me,
I'd a man in my eye worth a nation.

III.

An Iriſh lad next, handſome, ſprightly, and gay,
From Dublin came over to woo me;
But whiſkey he lov'd, and got drunk ev'ry day;
He ſtagger'd, and ſwore he'd undo me:
"My dare pretty crature, there's none ſuch in nature,
"To be ſure, my dare laſs, I don't love you;
"Let's go and be bury'd——Och!—no, I mane marry'd;
"You're cruel, if this does not move you."

IV.

There's John and there's Thomas, there's William and Harry,
They all ſwore, they lov'd me moſt dearly;
They knelt, and they ſwore, and they beg'd I would marry,
To prove that they meant moſt ſincerely;

But ſtill I was ſhy—and I'll ſoon tell you why,—
The lads were with caſh unprovided;
When lovers are plenty, I like to be dainty,
And ſo I the matter decided.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

Enter DEDIMUS, *diſguiſed as Old Laconic, and* HARRIET, *from the ſchool, followed by a Servant, who bows:—Dedimus pulls out his purſe, and gives him money.——On the other ſide,* Old LACONIC *enters, and ſtarts back.*

LACONIC.

What the devil!——I was afraid of being too late, but I need not have troubled myſelf about that, for I find I have been here ſome time, and did not know it.——[*Dedimus, after putting his purſe in his pocket, proceeds with Harriet under his arm,—is met by old Laconic, who, after ſtaring at him, ſeizes Harriet, drags her back to the ſchool, and follows.*]

DEDIMUS, [*after a pauſe.*]

A pretty rencontre!—and a hopeful way we are in, after all my plots and contrivances!——Confound the old fellow!—who dreamt of meeting

ing him here?——We muſt now have recourſe to ſome other expedient,—for, though the enemy has ſeized the prize, we'll ſtorm the fort, or we'll recover it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *A Room in the School.*

Enter GOVERNESS, Old LACONIC, *and* HARRIET.

LACONIC.

It's a lie—I ſay, it's all a lie.

GOVERNESS.

Upon my word, Sir, your behaviour is inſufferable.——How was I to blame?—I never had ſeen you,—and, if I had, the perſon ſo nearly reſembles you, that I might have been deceived.

LACONIC.

I know better;—You are bribed by that raſcal Temple, but I'll defeat all your plans;—Harriet ſhall go home with me inſtantly,—and then ſee, what contrivance ſhall ſteal her from under my roof?——Come along, Harriet.—I thought ſomething was the matter, by Bumkin's not coming home.——How durſt you detain my man.

GOVERNESS.

None of your inſolence, Sir——What man have I detained?

LACONIC.

My ſervant—I ſent him with a letter this morning.——Where's Bumkin? [*Very loud.*

BUMKIN.

I'm here, Sir.——[*Speaks from the chimney, and comes tumbling down, with the bricks and ſoot.*]

LACONIC.

A precious figure you cut;—and pray who put you there?

BUMKIN.

Myſelf.——Th' miſtreſs locked me up in this room, and ſaid ſhe'd ſend th' ſerjeant to liſt me;—and ſo, as I would not liſt, becauſe I don't like fighting, I crept up th' chimney.

LACONIC.

Come, come,—I ſee through all this,—it's a trick put upon my ſervant, to affront me;—but I'll be revenged, depend upon it.

QUARTETTO.

QUARTETTO.

I.

LACONIC.

Zounds! pray, Ma'am, what is't you mean?
My rage does almoſt choke me;
I'll let you know, before I go,
You'd better not provoke me.
And, as for you, I tell you true,
She meant this to undo you.—
Confound your ſchool—Oh! what a fool!
Was I to ſend her to you.

II.

GOVERNESS.

Good Sir! you'd beſt not make a jeſt,
Or you may chance to rue it;
I ſay the ſame, I'm not to blame,
Tho' you will ſtill purſue it:
But if you ſtill treat me ſo ill,
And leave the houſe you won't,
You'll dearly pay, for what to-day
You've ſaid, depend upon't.

III.

HARRIET.

Dear Sir! hear me, and pray agree—
Indeed I'm not to blame;
If governeſs her mind expreſs,
I'm ſure ſhe'll ſay the ſame.

Don't think me rude if I intrude,
And beg you'll not proceed—
I'm ſure ſhe meant no bad intent;
You've done her wrong indeed.

IV.

BUMKIN.

Oh dear! Oh dear! whoe'er did hear
A lady talk ſuch ſtuff?
I'm all o'er ſoot—ſhe made me do't
And ſurely that's enough.
But, by the maſs, if I, old laſs,
Had thee in our town,
My father'd ma' ſomebody pay,
I'll bet thee half-a-crown.

V.

GOVERNESS.

Without more talk, I beg you'll walk
Out of my houſe, this minute.

LACONIC.

Confound your houſe,—who cares a ſouſe?
I wiſh I'd ne'er come in it.
You are, in truth, a guide for youth,
And keep a pretty ſchool——

GOVERNESS.

A brute are you, a blockhead too,
A whimſical old fool.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Mr. Laconic's Houſe.*

Enter HARRIET, *followed by* Mr. *and* Mrs. LACONIC.

HARRIET.

IT does not ſignify talking, Papa,—it will be to no purpoſe;—I'll have nobody but my dear Temple;—and, in ſpite of all you and mamma can ſay to the contrary, he ſhall be my huſband.

SONG.

I.

I care not for your bolts and bars
Your ſcolding is a jeſt;
You cannot keep me from my love,
So do your beſt.
I'm fixt upon the man I like,
And I will have him too,
Yes that I will, in ſpite of all
That you can do.

II.

Perhaps you think my mind will change
And I ſhall give conſent,
But you are wrong—and forcing me
You may repent;
For ſooner than I'll marry, with
The naſty man you want,
I'll leave the houſe, and run away,
Depend upon't.

LACONIC.

Did ever any body hear the like?

MRS. LACONIC.

My dear, don't put yourſelf in a paſſion;—let me talk to the girl.——Harriet, child, I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant, that it is your duty to obey your father and mother.

HARRIET.

Certainly.

MRS. LACONIC.

How can you then think of refuſing the match we propoſe for you with Mr. Clog?—and undutifully perſiſt in a fooliſh attachment, highly diſagreeable to us both?

LACONIC.

LACONIC.

Ay, Miſs, ſo highly diſagreeable to your father and mother——Anſwer me that?

HARRIET.

That, Sir, will ſoon be anſwered.—You want me to marry Mr. Clog, a naſty, greaſy, old ſhoemaker, who ſhews the mechanic in his gait, dreſs, and converſation.——"Well, Miſs,—how do?—"Juſt call'd—can't ſtay—call again afternoon;"—and then, with a familiar nod, he walks off.—A pretty fellow that for a huſband!—and, unleſs I make myſelf miſerable with ſuch a wretch, I am not doing my duty.——I muſt beg your pardon, my dear papa and mamma, if, in the choice of a huſband, I conſider myſelf as the moſt intereſted perſon.—As far as duty coincides with inclination I'll attend to it,—but no further—poz——

LACONIC.

The devil you won't—I'll——[*Croſſing to her.*

MRS. LACONIC.

My dear, don't be ſo paſſionate—that is not the way to deal with her, I aſſure you.

LACONIC.

LACONIC.

You aſſure me!—How do you know which is the way to deal with her?——And ſo you was going to Gretna-Green, Miſs, was you?

HARRIET.

Yes, Sir, I was—and I ſhall go yet, if you don't look ſharp.

LACONIC.

I'll take care of that, however——[*Opens the door.*]——Walk in there, Miſs, if you pleaſe.——[*Locks the door.*]——She'll go to Gretna-Green, will ſhe?——I'll take care ſhe ſhan't though;—and, if ſhe had, I could have been a match for her, for the marriage won't ſtand good in law.

MRS. LACONIC.

I believe, my dear, you are miſtaken.

LACONIC.

I know I am right—but, however, to be convinced of it, I'll ſend to the Temple for a Civilian, directly;—and, at the ſame time, deſire my friend, Mr. Clog, to come here in the morning

ing, and marry Harriet.——Go, and ſend Bumkin to me.

MRS. LACONIC.

Here he comes. [*Exit.*

Enter BUMKIN.

BUMKIN.

Sir, here's a letter from father i'th' country—will you read it for me?

LACONIC, [*reads.*]

" Sir, your father yeſterday departed this life, " and, as he died inteſtate, or without will, you " will perhaps be puzzled how to proceed.—You " had better get the advice of a Civilian;—which " done, your preſence here will be neceſſary.—— " Sir, yours, John Jones, Attorney."——So your father is dead?

BUMKIN.

Yes,—and I am glad of it.

LACONIC.

What! you think you ſhall come in for the houſe and farm?

BUMKIN.

BUMKIN.

Yes, to be ſure—I'm th' oldeſt ſon.

LACONIC.

Well but, if you think there will be any one to diſpute your title, you had better do as the attorney deſires——and, as it happens, I want the advice of a lawyer myſelf;—ſo take your hat—go to the Temple, and inquire for Mr. Grant, the Civilian——when you have ſettled your own buſineſs, deſire him to come to me as ſoon as poſſible:——And, as you come back, call on Mr. Clog, in Holborn,—you'll eaſily inquire him out,—he is a Liveryman of the Cordwainers' Company—give my reſpects to him, and tell him I wiſh to ſee him directly. [*Exit.*

BUMKIN, [*after a pauſe.*]

I ſhall never remember th' half on't.—I muſt go to th' Temple, and inquire for a Civi—Civi—Civil Lion—ay, that's it——I muſt inſult him about father, and tell him to come here——and then I muſt call upon a Liveryman——A Liveryman!—Oh!—I reckon, as father's dead, he thinks I ſhall not tarry, and ſo has a mind to provide

provide himſelf with another:——For that matter he's right enough, I ſhall not ſtay long, I promiſe him;—for, now father's dead, I'll not take things as I have done.

SONG.

I.

My daddy is dead, and has left me his money,
I'll dreſs very fine, and I'll look very ſunny;
I'll keep a fine coach, on purpoſe to carry me,
And then, perhaps, ſome fine lady will marry me.
Puffum, ſtrutum, ſtridum,
Walkum, runum, ridum. Fol lol lol.

II.

With my ſhort coat to ride in, and breeches of leather,
I look like a cock, nicely cut out of feather;
Then I mount on my pad, who with ſafety will carry,
And I nod, as I paſs, to my Lord, and Sir Harry.
Puffum, &c.

III.

Then I put on ſmart clothes, and I go to the ball, Sir,
I take out my glaſs, and I ſquint at them all, Sir;
To be blind is the faſhion, and I'll be blind too, Sir,
So you peep at me, Sir—and I peep at you, Sir.
Puffum, &c.

IV.

Then I ſtrut round the room, and I ſtare in their faces,
I pull down my ruffles, all cover'd with laces:
The ladies all giggle, while their hearts are a thumping;
What handſome man's that?—Oh, 'tis young Squire Bumkin.
Puffum, &c.

V.

I then leave the room, or perhaps I ſtay in it,
For great men don't make up their minds in a minute;
At cards I ſit down, and we play whiſt and ſwabbers;
They hand round the wine, and we drink hobber nobbers.
Puffum, &c.

VI.

The wine they puſh round, till we're all drunk as buffers;
The table's knock'd down, with the candle and ſnuffers;
The waiter comes in—we chuck him in the fire—
We then ſtagger homewards, all cover'd with mire.
Puffum, &c.

[*Exit.*

Enter GOSSIP, [*peeping about.*]

GOSSIP.

Is the coaſt clear?——So my young miſtreſs is locked up I find—Hang me! if I have not a good mind to open it's cage, and give the poor bird it's liberty.—But how is that to be accompliſhed——

Let

Let me ſee—there uſed to be a bunch of old ruſty keys in that cloſet—I'll fetch them, and ſee what can be done.——[*Exit, and re-enter immediately.*] ——If any body ſhould catch me now, I ſhould be turned out of the houſe for my good nature. —That won't do—[*trying the keys*]—nor that—— Mercy on me! I am as much alarmed as if I was going to ſteal ſomething——Egad! this does the job—and now enter Mad'moiſelle Harriet.

HARRIET.

My dear Goſſip, how much am I obliged to you.

GOSSIP.

Don't take up needleſs time in thanking me, Ma'am, but tell me how I can be of further ſervice to you.——Now you are at liberty, what ſtep do you intend to take?

HARRIET.

Step?——I mean to fly to my dear Temple.

GOSSIP.

You'll find that a difficult flight I fear, Ma'am, —'tis impoſſible to get out of the houſe, without your father ſeeing you.

HARRIET.

What ſhall I do?——My dear Goſſip! do think of ſomething, and when I am married I'll think of you.

GOSSIP.

I have it, Ma'am——Old Mary Hornby, the waſherwoman, leaves her clothes here every Sunday night—if you'll endeavour to equip yourſelf in them, perhaps you may eſcape without ſuſpicion.—You uſed to imitate her odd method of talking, with great ſucceſs;—if you have not forgot her, it may be of uſe, in caſe we ſhould meet your father.

HARRIET.

Oh, you dear creature!—what an excellent ſcheme have you plann'd!——Fetch the clothes, and I'll ſhew you acting.—[*Exit Goſſip.*]——But let me conſider!—'tis now late,—and alone I may not be able to find my way to Temple's lodging; but, though I don't know the way, the coachmen do, and it is but calling a hack.

[*Enter Goſſip, with a long looſe bed-gown, cloak, bonnet, and ſtick.*

GOSSIP.

GOSSIP.

Now, Ma'am, equip yourſelf—and, if you can but act as well as you uſed to do, we may deceive your father, with all his penetration.

HARRIET.

Suppoſe he ſhould come up and catch me, whilſt I am dreſſing.

GOSSIP.

Don't diſtreſs, yourſelf, Ma'am—as I came up ſtairs, I heard him in high debate with your mother;—ſhe is much againſt your being locked up, and I am ſure would aſſiſt in our ſcheme, if ſhe was appriſed of it.

HARRIET.

There—how do I look?——[*Imitates.*]—Pray, Mrs. Goſſip, have you looked up the foul clothes? Bough—bough—— [*Coughing.*

GOSSIP.

Ay, that will do—but won't you be confuſed when your father queſtions you?

HARRIET.

I don't know—that is according to the queſtions he aſks;—but try me——Suppoſe yourſelf my father, and I'll anſwer as Mary Hornby.

DUETTO.

I.

GOSSIP.

Old woman, pray what is your buſineſs in my houſe?

HARRIET.

I'm come for the clothes, Sir, to waſh them at my houſe.

GOSSIP.

Your name then, explain then,
I doubt you're an impoſtor.

HARRIET.

They call me, Mary Hornby,
Don't you know me, good maſter?

II.

GOSSIP.

Is it you, good old Mary? I'm glad now to ſee you;
I hope you are well—and pray how is it wi' you?

HARRIET.

O dear, Sir! I fear, Sir!
This cough is ſo killing. [*Coughs.*

GOSSIP.

GOSSIP.

Glaſs of brandy, very handy.

HARRIET.

You are right, Sir—I'm willing.

III.

GOSSIP.

Oh, Mary! I've a daughter, a ſad wicked creature.

HARRIET.

Oh, Sir! I've another, the very ſame feature.
She's courting and ſporting.

GOSSIP.

That's the way with my daughter.

HARRIET.

Girls ſhould tarry, not marry.

GOSSIP.

Ay,—that's what I taught her.

HARRIET.

Will that do, Goſſip?——Is it like mother Hornby?

GOSSIP.

Excellent, indeed!—and now you'll have occaſion to put your mimicry in practice, for here comes the old gentleman.

Enter

Enter Old LACONIC.

LACONIC.

This perverſe girl almoſt diſtracts me!—Now my paſſion is over, I'll ſee what a little cool reaſoning will do.——Eh! who have we got here?—What old woman is that, Goſſip?

GOSSIP.

Mary Hornby, Sir, come for the clothes to waſh.

LACONIC.

Why, Mary, what do you do out ſo late?

HARRIET.

I muſt have the clothes to-night, Sir, and I had not time to fetch them ſooner.

LACONIC.

Very well.——Goſſip, give old Mary a glaſs of brandy—'tis a very cold night.

HARRIET.

Ay, Maſter, you know what's good for an old woman—thank you, thank you, Sir.—You know what's good for an old woman.

[*Exeunt Harriet and Goſſip.*

[*Old*

[*Old Laconic takes the key from his pocket, and unlocks the door.*]

LACONIC.

Harriet, you may come out, child——Why does not the girl come?——Come, Harriet, my dear——Heyday!—ſurely ſhe has not made away with herſelf!—Harriet—my dear Harriet—[*Goes to the cloſet, and returns in haſte.*]—Thieves—ladders—elopements——The window is open—and my child has jumped out——Mrs. Laconic—Goſſip—Bumkin—— [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

"*Temple, Civilian,*" *over the right-hand Door.*

Enter BUMKIN.

BUMKIN.

Civil Lion, at the Temple!—now I ſhould have thought th' Tower would have been th' likelier ſpot to have found him at;—they have 'em there of all ſorts, both civil and uncivil.——Efeckens! this Lunnon's a ſtrange place!—When I came from home, I thought it muſt be a fine thing

thing to live in a gentleman's houſe—eat good ſtuff —and drink black wine;—but hold me there a bit—I ſoon found I'd been reckoning my chickens afore they were hatch'd—I'd rubb'd out th' chalk afore th' ſhot were paid——As for me, I never got any thing but ſcraps,—for th' cook keeps all th' nice bits for herſelf:—But I was even with her yeſterday, for as I was bringing th' things out o'th' parlour, I popp'd three gooſeberry tarts and a cow's tongue into my pocket—he! he! he!——I don't like ſuch goings on at all, for my part.

SONG.

I.

Your London cheer won't do for me, Fol lol de rol.
There's far better living in our country,—With their
All that's ſtout,
Stir about,
Ne'er forſaken,
Beans and bacon. Fol de rol.

II.

Ten Shillings a day, with my hands I could addle,
And then, at a night, I could ſhake a looſe daddle.—With my
Hide the horſe,
Pitch and toſs,
Cards for put,
Black as ſoot. Fol de rol.

III. On

III.

On Sunday I'm dreſs'd in my holiday clothes, Fol lol, &c.
And then I've a ſweetheart, under the roſe.—With my
Kiſs away,
Night and day,
At the wakes,
Eating cakes. Fol de rol.

IV.

My father has left me ſix cows and a bull, Fol lol de rol.
And a tap of good ale—Oh! I give it ſuch a pull.—With my
Yard of clay,
Puff away,
Chimney corner,
Tankard order. Fol de rol.

V.

Three horſes, a cart, hens, turkeys, and a plough, Fol lol, &c.
Beſides ſix pigs, and the old fat ſow.—With my
Roaſt it nice,
In a trice;
Currant jelly,
For the belly. Fol de rol.

VI.

But now they have made me a waiting mon, Fol lol de rol.
They've powder'd my hair, and a livery put on.—With my
Lay the cloth,
Hand the broth,
Move the tray,
Take away. Fol de rol.

VII. While

VII.

While they ſtuff and cram, we ſtand biting our thumbs, Fol, &c.
And then, in the kitchen, we eat up the crumbs.—With my
File it, Bob,
Hob or nob.
What's the toaſt?
Our noble hoſt. Fol de rol.

VIII.

But I'll not ſtay here, to be ſent too and fro'; Fol lol, &c.
I'm a better man's ſon, I'd have 'em to know.—With their
That fetch,
This carry:
I wiſh they all
Were at Old Harry. Fol de rol.

[*Looking about.*]——Sure I'm right!—They told me this was th' way to th' Temple.

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN.

Half paſt ten o'clock—a ſtar-light night.

BUMKIN.

Pray, Sir, can you tell me where to find Mr—Mr——He's i'th' law.

WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN.

There's one Temple in this neighbourhood;—a lawyer.

BUMKIN.

Temple!—that's it.——Can you ſhew me th' place?

WATCHMAN.

I believe this is the very houſe.—[*Holds up his lantern.*]——"Temple, Civilian."——Can't you read?

BUMKIN.

No—but that's th' houſe.——What do you call him?

WATCHMAN.

Temple;—he's a Civilian.

BUMKIN.

Thank you—thank you, friend.——[*Knocks at the door.—Exit Watch.*]——Civillon—Civillon—[*Servant opens the door.*]——Pray, is not your maſter a Civillon?

SERVANT.

What do you mean?—I don't underſtand you.

BUMKIN.

That's no wonder—it's a plaguy hard name—and, if I don't make haſte, I ſhall forget it again. —[*Runs paſt the Servant.*]—Civillon—Civillon—

[*Exit into the houſe.*

SCENE III. *A Room.*

TEMPLE *diſcovered, writing.*

Enter BUMKIN—*bows ſeveral Times.*

TEMPLE.

So, friend!—what is your buſineſs?

BUMKIN.

Pray, Sir, are not you a Silly Villain?

TEMPLE.

A what?

BUMKIN.

A Silly Villain, Sir.

TEMPLE.

How! you raſcal—do you mean to inſult me?

BUMKIN.

Why yes, Sir—I partly came on purpoſe.

TEMPLE.

TEMPLE.

Dedimus—[*Enter Dedimus.*]—turn this fellow into the ſtreet.—[*Dedimus goes to execute his maſter's orders, but immediately recollects him.*]

DEDIMUS.

Why, Sir, this is old Laconic's ſervant, the man I was telling you of. [*Aſide, to Temple.*

TEMPLE.

Indeed!——Well, friend, I perceive, by your looks, you did not mean to affront me;—and now pray what is your buſineſs?

BUMKIN.

Why, Sir, you muſt know my father has died deteſted;—he has left ſix young infidels beſides myſelf;—and ſo I am come to know, if I cannot be his executioner?

TEMPLE.

Ha! ha! ha!——Pray, friend, where do you come from?

BUMKIN.

Why, Sir, I live i' th' country when I'm at home;—but I'm now with Mr. Laconic——and

that's well thought on,—for he deſires to ſee you directly, and you muſt take th' livery mon along with you.

TEMPLE, [*aſide to Dedimus.*]

What can this mean?

DEDIMUS.

I don't know—but I think you had better accept the invitation.——Perhaps the old fellow has changed his mind, and will give you his daughter;—or if this man has made a miſtake, which indeed is the moſt probable, he will bear the blame and not you.

TEMPLE.

I'll follow your advice.——Dedimus, take this honeſt man into the kitchen, and give him ſome refreſhment.——I'll be ready to attend you to Mr. Laconic's inſtantly. [*Exit Dedimus and Bumkin.*

SONG.

I.

When a lover's hope is dying,
Like a perſon drowning, he,
While he ſinks, with ſobs and ſighing,
Struggles vainly to get free;

Every

Every twig he trembling ſeizes,
Yet in vain, it ſtill gives way,
His heart is cold, his blood it freezes;
Where are now his looks ſo gay?

II.

Yet ſhould fortune, hope reviving,
To him means of life reſtore,
He ſtrives again, until arriving
On the joyful, happy ſhore.
Then ſhall I, in grief and ſorrow,
Sit like Patience cut in ſtone?
Fortune may be kind to-morrow,
And my Harriet be my own.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in old Laconic's Houſe.*

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. LACONIC.

LACONIC.

Well, well, my dear, I am perſuaded;—if Harriet can be found, ſhe ſhall marry the man of her choice,

MRS. LACONIC.

I am glad to hear you talk ſo reaſonably at laſt; —if the dear child knew your ſentiments, how happy ſhe would be.

Enter BUMKIN, *bowing before* TEMPLE *and* DEDIMUS.

LACONIC, [*goes up to Temple.*]

Sir, your ſervant.

TEMPLE.

Sir, your moſt obedient.

LACONIC.

Sir, you have rather the advantage of me.

TEMPLE.

I believe, Sir, I am unknown to you, but I am the more obliged to the perſon who recommended me.

LACONIC.

And pray, Sir, who did recommend you?

TEMPLE.

That, Sir, I am to learn from you.

BUMKIN.

Why lord, Sir, this is th' Silly Villain you ſent me to inſult,—and here's th' livery mon, to keep him company.

LACONIC.

LACONIC.

Oh! I ſee through this;—here is another of your confounded blunders.

TEMPLE.

Sir, I perceive your man has miſtaken me for ſomebody elſe, and ſo I take my leave.——Sir, your moſt obedient.—Madam, yours. [*Going.*

LACONIC.

Stay a moment, if you pleaſe.——Pray, Sir, are you a Civilian?

TEMPLE.

Sir, I am an unworthy member of that profeſſion,—but what I want in capacity, I endeavour to ſupply with aſſiduity.

LACONIC, [*aſide, to Mrs. Laconic.*]

A modeſt, ſenſible young man;—if my Harriet had made ſuch a choice, I had been happy.

Enter GOSSIP.

GOSSIP.

Well, Sir, I have got news of your daughter.

LACONIC.

I am glad of it——Where is ſhe?

GOSSIP.

She is at the door, and waits your commands.

LACONIC.

At the door!—why did you not bring her in?—Dear girl, how I long to embrace her!—Harriet, my dear Harriet—[*Enter Harriet.*]——Why this is old Mary Hornby.

GOSSIP.

If you'll give me leave, Sir, I believe I can clear this matter entirely to your ſatisfaction.

LACONIC.

If you pleaſe,—for at preſent it ſeems a little clouded.

GOSSIP.

Firſt, Sir, let me aſk you a queſtion:—If Miſs Harriet could be found, would you conſent to her marrying the man of her choice?

LACONIC.

Yes, ſhe ſhall marry whoever ſhe pleaſes.

GOSSIP.

GOSSIP.

Very well, Sir;—then I'll begin my explanation, by introducing your viſitors.—This, Sir, is Mr. Temple, a gentleman for whom I believe Miſs Harriet has an unalterable affection.

LACONIC.

What, is this my daughter's choice?

TEMPLE.

My name indeed is Temple;—but how this young woman came to know it, is quite a myſtery to me.

GOSSIP.

Oh, I learn this, and a great deal more, from the old woman you ſaw juſt now.

LACONIC.

Egad! young gentleman, I have been much deceived in you;—I was led to believe you a wild, diſſipated fellow;—but as you appear ſo much the contrary, give me your hand,—you have my conſent to marry my daughter.——What ſay you, love? [*To Mrs. Laconic.*

MRS.

MRS. LACONIC.

The gentleman has long had my good wiſhes; —and if we could find Harriet we ſhould all be happy.

GOSSIP.

All in good time, Ma'am.—I have another character to introduce.——This, Sir, is Mr. Dedimus, alias Mr. Organiſt, alias Mr. Laconic: —All theſe characters he has appeared in, with ſome credit;—in the laſt of which, if you recollect, he had like to have carried away your daughter.

DEDIMUS.

I plead guilty, Sir.—I did all theſe things to ſerve my maſter;—and, as he has found favor, I hope I ſhall.

LACONIC.

But my daughter——

GOSSIP.

Old Mary can give the beſt account of her.

LACONIC.

Where is ſhe?——[*Harriet, who has been behind all this time, throws off her old woman's clothes, and comes forward.*]

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

Here ſhe is, Sir.

LACONIC.

Is it poſſible?—Old Mary Hornby and my daughter the ſame perſon?

HARRIET.

The very ſame, Sir;—all this I have done to avoid an odious marriage.

MRS. LACONIC.

My dear child, I am glad to ſee you;—I hope no accident has happened.

HARRIET.

I do aſſure you, Ma'am, I have been in ſome danger,—but am now amply rewarded for all.—Kind fortune has been propitious, in reconciling my parents and my lover;—and my only care, in future, ſhall be, (as far as depends on my behaviour,) to make you all happy.——But pray, how was all this brought about?

BUMKIN.

I believe, Miſs, you may thank me for it.—To be ſure I made a blunder, but you all ſeem very well pleaſed with it;—and, for my part, I think

think—take Miſs and miſtake—are much the ſame thing;—for, if I had not made this miſtake, he would not have been here to take Miſs.

TEMPLE.

True, friend,—and I eſteem myſelf obliged to you.——My dear Harriet! we may now think ourſelves entirely happy.——Your father's conſent to our union was, I believe, little expected by either of us.

LACONIC.

True, my boy,—and, as an unexpected gueſt, make it the more welcome.——Here, take her, and I hope you will be happy together.——What is paſt I freely forgive,—and I hope I am not the only one here, who will pardon the faults of the Civilian.

FINALE.

I.

LACONIC.

Since friends we're met,
We'll not part yet,
We'll have a merry dance, and then
We may not meet
This to repeat
We don't know when.

Then

Then let us paſs
The chearful glaſs,
Be merry and be wiſe.
Each honeſt heart
Shall bear a part,
Without diſguiſe.
Since friends we're met, &c.

II.

TEMPLE.

Our hearts and hands
In wedlock's bands,
United ſoon they both ſhall be;
So happy none,
In time to come,
As you and me.
Then let us paſs, &c.

III.

HARRIET.

But, maids, I fear
You'll be ſevere,
And blame me, for the trick I've play'd;
But each of you
Would rather woo
Than die a maid.
Then let us paſs, &c.

IV.

DEDIMUS.

What ſay you, maid?
I am a blade,
Who tells his mind both frank and free;

So, if you like,
The bargain ſtrike,
And I'll wed thee.
Then let us paſs, &c.

V.

GOSSIP.

To tell you plain
I'm in the vein,
And ſince you ſeem to fancy me,
Why, here's my hand,
At your command,
We'll married be.
Then let us paſs, &c.

VI.

BUMKIN.

So now it ends,
We all are friends,
And, tho' I have ſome blunders made,
If I have not
Your anger got,
I am repaid.
Then let us paſs, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM 5 AP 83

COMIC SONGS.

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Comic Songs.

THE MANCHESTER CRIES.

I.

RECITATIVE.

FRIENDS and neighbours tell me, pray,
Did you never, on a market-day,
A man, with box and lantern, meet—
Who loudly bawls and cries, thro' ev'ry ſtreet,

[*Speaking.*]—All hot, all hot, all hot—Nice mutton pies and veal pies, all hot—Come, my lads, toſs away——Heads or tails do you ſay?——Tails?——Oh! the braſs is mine.—Will you toſs again another time?

CHORUS.

This is the cry, you ſhall hang me if I lie,
We'll eat a little, drink a little, by-and-by.

II.

Now to your doors come, all good wives;
Bring your ſciſſars, bring your knives;
Here comes a man that will them grind,
He'll make them ſharp, and whet them to your mind.

Razors, ſciſſars, penknives to grind—Keep of the wheel, you dog—Razors, ſciſſars, penknives——All hot, all hot, all hot, &c.

III.

As you by night to market go,
You ſee a ſhop that cuts a glaring ſhow;
There's nuts and cakes, and ſweetmeats too,
And other things, for lovers when they woo.

Bowl up, bowl up, bowl up—ſtick in your thumbs and pull out the plumbs—here's your nice rowly powly gingerbread—ſugar and brandy—round and ſound, two-pence a pound—Here's your nice——Razors, ſciſſars, penknives, &c. &c.

IV.

Night coming on, the butchers fear
That in the day they've ſold too dear;
For, having now great ſtock on hand,
They loudly call all people to their ſtand.

A bit of beef to-day, Miſtreſs?—Mutton—lamb?—If you want a bargain I'm your only man.—Here's two

ſheeps'

ſheeps' heads for making broth—don't get a farthing by you, by my troth.—Here's your white and full-fed veal, firm as a cleaver——Stick in your thumbs and pull out the plumbs—here's your nice rowly, &c. &c.

V.

Now from each lane old women come,
Like ſoldiers at the beat of drum,
With baſkets each attendance dance,
While Joe thus boldly bids them all advance:

Red ſand—red ſand—red ſand——Here's my baſket, honeſt Joe—I paid you for the laſt, you know—Nay fill it up, that's not enough—Hold, let's take pinch of ſnuff——A bit of beef to-day, Miſtreſs? &c. &c.

VI.

Next at the playhouſe you will find
Noiſe and cries of ev'ry kind.
From my friends above you'll hear
Cries ſo loud they deafen ev'ry ear.

Play up muſic——H---ſs—off, off—throw him over——Bow wow—the fiddlers—the tailor done over——Here's your nice nuts and china oranges—choice ſweetmeats and macaroons, Ladies and Gentlemen—Have done, do, you dog, I'll knock you down; I would if you was the beſt man in the town—Choice ſweetmeats and——Red ſand—red ſand, &c. &c.

VII. Laſt

VII.

Laſt a cry there is moſt common,
A cry that's ſung by man and woman,
A cry that makes each heart rejoice,
A cry that through this town has but one voice—

'TIS,

[*Sung.*]—God ſave great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God ſave the King.

DARBY'S LAMENTATION.

I.

WELL, here I am, and Kathleen's gone
And marry'd to another,
And father Luke is dancing drunk,
And making ſuch a pother;
When I offer'd him a ſheep,
He ſaid, who the devil ſent you?
You may go about your buſineſs,
'Tis two to one againſt you.
Bow, wow, wow.

II.

My father, like a miſer,
Does love his money dearly,

He

He ſtarves me at home,
And he gives me nothing yearly;
I thought to ſteal his purſe
And carry it away, Sir,
But a great dog came out,
And thus to me did ſay, Sir,
Bow, wow, wow.

III.

Oh, would my father die,
And leave me his chink, Sir,
A little houſe I'd take,
And I'd ſell a drop of drink, Sir.
No wife I'd be plagu'd with
To run me ſuch a rig, Sir,
But a handmaid I'd have,
And I'd keep a little pig, Sir.
Squeak, ſqueak, ſqueak.

IV.

My cellars ſhould be ſtor'd
With rum and brandy plenty,
Two cows I'd keep, a flock of ſheep,
Tho' not more than twenty.
To guard my houſe I'd have
A great dog that's fat, Sir,
And, to kill my mice,
A little puſſey cat, Sir.
Mew, mew, mew.

V. But

V.

But ſhould my father live
To plague me another year,
A ſoldier I'll be,
And I'll march both in front and rear;
I'll ſcorn to run away
When the Frenchmen do come, Sir,
But, ſtiff as a ſtake,
I'll follow beat of drum, Sir.
Row, dow, dow.

NEW FANCIES.

SUNG AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER,

After an Abſence of two Years.

I.

COME neighbours all attend my call,
And liſten to my ditty,
Come, come along, and buy my ſong,
You'll find it wond'rous pretty;
The times I'll touch, 'twill pleaſe you much,
Or I'll not have your money,

For

For I am ſure the ſpleen to cure,
I always am ſo funny.

CHORUS.

With my wink, blink, ſquint,
And my humbug mug,
I drive away all ſorrow.

II.

With fancies new there's much ado
To pleaſe all kinds of people—
The Market new, the Herald too,
And a Church without a Steeple;
But of all the fancies new or old,
There's one that takes us daily,
You are ſoon in, but not ſoon out—
They call it the New Bailey.

With my wink, &c.

III.

In Market-Lane, as here I came,
I ſaw hung out to view, Sir,
It's juſt come down from London town—
'Tis call'd a little Shoe*, Sir;
It is ſo ſmall a ſhoe to call—
'Twould hardly fit my noſe, Sir,

And

* The Ducheſs of York's Shoe, placed at a window, in Market-Street-Lane.

And, if the ladies will have ſuch,
They'll ſqueeze off all their toes, Sir.
With my wink, &c.

IV.

Next, in Swan-Court, I had ſome ſport,
To ſee the Auctioneer
Knock down the folks, and crack his jokes,
Stuck in a box ſo queer.
I aſk'd for change, and thought it ſtrange
In pay for two old coats, Sir,
Inſtead of ſix-pence, he gave me
A couple of Bank Notes*, Sir.
With my wink, &c.

V.

In times of old I ballads ſold,
And cuſtomers had plenty;
Of gold a few, and ſilver too,
My pockets were not empty;
So I thought then I'll be again
No more a Comic Grinner,
For I had ta'en a fancy vain
To be a Brandy Spinner†.
With my wink, &c.

VI. But

* Mr. Berry, Auctioneer, at this time, iſſued his Three-penny Bank Notes.

† Alluding to the Author's quitting the Stage, and entering into the Liquor Buſineſs.

VI.

But longing then to try again
Old friends once more to ſee, Sir,
My gin and rum I left to come
And ſing a merry glee, Sir:
And why mayn't I new fancies try,
I no good reaſon can ſee;
So I appear before you here—
What think you of my fancy?
With my wink, &c.

An Iriſh SONG about SINGING.

Tune,—"Paddy Whack."

I.

A SONG now I'll ſing you, a ſong for all ſeaſons,
'Bout Ruſſians, and Pruſſians, and Iriſhmen too;
'Bout Engliſh and Dutchmen, Mounſeers and ſuch men,
Who have made, up and down in the world, ſuch a do.
The ſtateſman will ſing for the loaves and the fiſhes,
The ſoldier will ſing about powder and ball,
The nabob's old ſong fills his pocket with riches,
Now that's what, my jewel, a good ſong I call.

II.

The Dutch have a ſong, that is of their own planning,
'Tis call'd water parted from th' ocean, d'ye ſee;
'Tis all about, how that the Dutchmen are damming,
Whilſt the Engliſh are ſinking the Frenchmen, by ſea.
Old Pruſſia, my jewel's, a queer ſort of ſinger,
The caſh he takes off, without ſinging at all;
Whilſt the Empreſs won't let the poor Poles have a dinner:
Now that's what, my jewels, a bad ſong I call.

III.

In France, they are all of them ſurely gone crazy,
In learning our old ſong, call'd Liberty Hall,
For they're chopping and changing, to make the time eaſy,
And yet they can't ſing it, in no time at all.
That's but a bad ſong, you will ſay now, my honey,
That fills empty pockets, with nothing at all;
But the beſt of all ſinging's the ſong that get's money,
And ſure that's a ſong in good time for us all.

IV.

When brave Howe met the Frenchmen, upon the rude ocean,
He ſung them a ſong, "Rule Britannia," they call;
But this ſong did not ſeem then to ſuit with their notion,
So he ſung to ſome tune, with his powder and ball:
Such frizzing, ſuch whizzing, red hot, and ding dong, Sir,
Whilſt Frenchmen were blown up as high as St. Paul,

And

And ſince they'd not chorus, in ſinging our ſong, Sir,
We ſoon made 'em dance it, to no tune at all.

V.

And now, to conclude, let me make a beginning,
May our Navy long prove England's ſtout wooden wall;
May Trade and Peace laſting, keep poor folks from faſting,
And that, my dear jewel's, the beſt ſong of all.
Then ſince, for true freedom, Great Britain's no brother,
Don't let's, for French folly, to loggerheads fall;
For an ounce of the one's worth a pound of the other:
So there is an end, and good bye to you all.

THE DRILLED RECRUIT.

I.

JUST come from drill, behold poor Will,
Not long ago I liſted,
I ſold my cart to pay the ſmart,
But money they reſiſted;
I don't know what will be my lot,
To me it's very odd, Sir,
That, in degree, I placed ſhould be
Among the aukward ſquad, Sir.

Sword and ſcabbard, belt and dagger,
Piſtol, hanger, ſwear and ſwagger.
Fal lal de ral.

II.

Then I would fain be out of pain,
And get my work-day clothes on,
My greaſy hat, that eaſy ſat,
My Sunday woollen hoſe on;
But, by command, I thus muſt ſtand
As ſtiff as any poker,
And, in this plight, look to the right,
Till my neck is almoſt broke, Sir.
Parade afraid, Will drill,
Bamboo, back blue.
Fal lal de ral.

III.

I've march'd and run, for th' corporal's fun,
Till I've worn three pair of hoſe out,
Beſides ſome knocks, I've ſtood i'th' ſtocks,
To make me turn my toes out,
But all in vain, they're much to blame
To run me out of breath ſo;
And, in this plight, my ſtock's ſo tight
It throttles me to death ſo.
Stiff ſtake, pole rake,
Look bolder, muſket ſhoulder.
Fal lal de ral.

IV. If

IV.

If Serjeant Kite informs me right,
I'ſt cut a pratty figure;
And why mayn't I a battle try,
I ſure can pull a trigger.
It is my will, the French to kill,
In battles I'll be there, Sir;
Who knows, a 'Cruit may chance to ſhoot
Greet Generel Dumourier, Sir.
Oh, the dogs, eating frogs;
Connon ball, kill 'em all.
Fal lal de ral.

THE FRENCHMEN'S DEFEAT;

OR,

LORD HOWE—THEY'RE BEAT.

Tune,—"Nancy Dawſon."

I.

YE Britiſh lads come lend an ear
An honeſt failor's ſtory hear,
It's how we made the French look queer;
In fighting for our country.

Lord Howe, 'tis true, has numbers ſlain,
Lord Howe, 'tis true, now rules the main,
Lord Howe, 'tis true, will honor gain,
By fighting for his country.

II.

'Twas on the very firſt of June
The French we ſpy'd, 'twas nearly noon,
We boldly overtook them ſoon,
In fighting for our country.
Lord Howe he ſoon the fight begun,
Lord Howe a glorious deed has done,
Lord Howe, tis true, the battle won,
In fighting for his country.

III.

Full ſix and twenty ſhips of war
Theſe Frenchmen brought, from near and far,
But ſoon we gave them many a ſcar,
In fighting for our country.
Lord Howe they thought their tricks to play,
Lord Howe their admiral fought that day,
Lord Howe ſoon made him run away,
In fighting for his country.

IV.

When after changing many a ſhot,
Aloof ſtill kept the Sans Culotte,
Leſt we ſhould ſend them all to pot,
In fighting for our country.

Lord

Lord Howe he broke their lines in two,
Lord Howe he broke their heads a few,
Lord Howe he bang'd the naked crew,
In fighting for his country.

V.

The Frenchmen then began to ſtare,
Their lines were broke, and Howe was there,
They wonder'd he ſo much ſhould dare,
In fighting for his country.
Lord Howe he dealt his balls about,
Lord Howe the French began to ſhout,
Lord Howe he put them all to rout,
In fighting for his country.

VI.

Six mighty ſhips we captive led,
The reſt are o'er the ocean fled,
Or gone to ſeek ſome better bread,
Than fighting with our country.
Lord Howe has drench'd our foes in blood,
Lord Howe's a ſailor ſtout and good,
Lord Howe's no equal but brave Hood,
In fighting for his country.

VII.

Howe's ſhip, the Charlotte Royal name,
Now rides triumphant o'er the main,
May ſhe our glories ſtill maintain,
In fighting for our country.

From

From Charlotte may great heroes ſpring,
And, like brave York, freſh laurels bring;
May we know Howe to ſerve our King,
In fighting for our country.

THE TELEGRAPHE.

Tune,—"Sheffield Races."

I.

THE French it ſeems are trying ſchemes,
About a thing call'd Telegraphe, Sir,
Which, they ſay, will convey
News more quick than wind by half, Sir;
Then ſuppoſe, midſt friends and foes,
Juſt by way of merry laughter,
We ſhould try the truth to ſpy,
From a fancy'd Telegraphe, Sir.

II.

Let's firſt explore a foreign ſhore,
And take a peep at Pruſſian tactics;
March and wheel, with poliſh'd ſteel——
Lud! how they knock about their trapſticks:
Daſh and ſlaſh, to get the caſh,
Then they play the cunning viper,
Soon leave France, and homeward dance,
While John Bull he pays the piper.

III. Next

III.

Next let's ſee how things agree
With the famous Ruſſian Lady,
Departed ſouls of valiant Poles
Muſt ſurely drive the Beldame crazy.
But tho' might may o'ercome right,
Yet the page of future ſtory
Will give light, and ſhine bright
With brave Koſciuſko's glory.

IV.

Our Telegraphe will make you laugh,
With news that's from the land of ditches,
Where Mynheer is by Monſieur
Robb'd of all but his great breeches:
The Dutchman bawls, John Bull he calls,
Come ſave me from theſe French, Od rot 'em;
While I ſmoke, or crack a joke,
Seated on my great broad bottom.

V.

Now let's reſort to England's court,
And view the miniſterial ſtation;
Minority, in language free,
Bullies him for th' good o' th' nation;
But, ſays he, come o'er to me,
And at one ſhakes a ſtar and garter—
O'er he pops, ſhuts his chops,
And is dumb for ever after.

VI. Whilſt

VI.

Whilſt we ſee each country
Is ſcrambling for the loaves and fiſhes,
May we enjoy, without alloy,
Good trade and peace, 'tis England's riches.
Ruſſians, Pruſſians, Dutchmen too,
And the French, are all confuſion;
Britons ſing, Long live the King,
And our glorious Conſtitution.

AN ACCOUNT OF

A SIEGE AND BATTLE,

IN A LETTER FROM

A Recruit, in the Duke of York's Army,

To his Father, in Lancaſhire.

I.

DEAR Faither I write, as in duty bound,
My Mother I hope ſhe is ſafe and ſound,
As I am, although upon Frenchman's ground,
And of powder and ball, have had mony a round.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But we pepper'd their bodies, the poor ſimple noddies,
We gave them a crack of the crown.

II.

When after three weeks we ſet foot on ſhore,
The guns and the cannons did loudly roar,
The captain's fine head roll'd about on the floor,
I thought I ſhould never ſee you any more.
But we pepper'd their bodies, &c.

III.

His Highneſs the Duke, he ſtood without fear,
Although it had like to have coſt him dear,
For they came in behind when we were not aware,
But we Lancaſhire lads ſoon made 'em look queer.
For we pepper'd their bodies, &c.

IV.

He ſaid, "he ne'er ſaw ſuch brave lads before;"
"Fight on, and we'll beat 'em," he loudly ſwore!
So I—and the Duke, and two or three more,
We kill'd, every one of us, half a ſcore.
For we pepper'd their bodies, &c.

V.

But while they were fighting, I'd like to 've been ta'en,
For I geet, from a Frenchman, a knock o' the brain,
And

And, when I was deawn, he jump'd o' th' top,
Not knowing we fight as weel deawn as up.
So I throttled his body, &c.

VI.

Our cannon now batter'd a hole in the wall,
The Serjeant creapt in, and ſo did we all,
Whilſt the French aloud for quarter did call,
And I, in a paſſion, cry'd—DOM YOU ALL.
We'll pepper your bodies, &c.

VII.

You perhaps may have heard, how that Pruſſia's King
Has ta'en home his men, and ge'n us the ſling,
Without caſh he would nother play nor ſing,
So we'll fight 'em ourſelves,—'tis all the ſame thing.
For we'll pepper their bodies, &c.

VIII.

We'll fight 'em, dear Dad, till we've ge'n 'em their baſtings,
We'll fight 'em as long as they've tried Warren Haſtings;
We'll make 'em be quiet againſt their will,
Or I'll never come home till Preſton Gill.
For we'll pepper their bodies, &c.

INTRODUCTORY SONG,

TO THE AUTHOR'S ENTERTAINMENT, CALLED,

NEW BROOMS.

Tune,—"A begging we will go."

I.

NEW Brooms ſweep clean, we oft have heard,
By proverb trite and true,
Of thoſe that can this fact deny
I think you'll find but few.
And a ſweeping we will go.

II.

When marry'd folks, in honey moon,
Are ſeen to bill and coo,
You think their brooms ſweep very clean—
It's all becauſe they're new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

III.

But in ſome time they cooler grow,
The huſband he cries, "'Pſhew!
"Why can't you keep your diſtance, Ma'am?
"Things now are not ſo new."
And a ſweeping we will go.

IV.

A baby next makes rapture all;
Sing, Cock a doodle doo:
There's daddy's eyes, and daddy's noſe—
It's all becauſe it's new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

V.

When, dreſs'd up fine, a friend you meet,
Who ne'er ſays, how do you do?
You think his clothes have blinded him—
'Tis all becauſe they're new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

VI.

The ladies little bonnets wear,
And place them on aſkew;
The beaux they bolſter out their throats,
Becauſe the faſhion's new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

VII.

The lawyer brings his bill of coſts,
With items not a few;
And if you ſhould be under-charg'd,
The matter is quite new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

VIII. And

VIII.

And tho' from many good old things,
Much profit doth accrue,
You'll find upon the whole, my friends,
Moſt money's got by new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

IX.

For inſtance, in our room to-night
A pleaſing ſight I view,
And many now are hither come,
Becauſe the Brooms are new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

X.

And if each night you thus attend,
Believe me I ſay true,
I ſhall have cauſe to bleſs the time
I thought of my Brooms new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

XI.

And laſt, I crave your pardons all,
And truſt I ſhall not rue
The ſinging of this home-made ſong,
Becauſe it is quite new.
And a ſweeping we will go.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

FROM NEW BROOMS.

I.

JOHN BULL built a houſe, called Liberty Hall,
On a rock, by the ocean ſurrounded;
So ſtrong the foundation, it never could fall,
Such ſkill in the workmen abounded:
There was mirth and good humour,
Sweet peace and a few more,
Liv'd ſnug in the ſtrong houſe that Jack built:
So happy, ſo healthy, ſo brave, ſtout and wealthy,
And this was the cheer,
Roaſt beef, and ſtrong beer,
That ſtood in the houſe that Jack built.

II.

For many a year John ſat without fear,
In his peaceable ſnug habitation,
Till ſome frenchify'd mice began to appear,
Rooting up the ſtrong houſe's foundation:
John ſaw very plain,
Their object to gain,
Was o'erturning the ſtrong houſe that Jack built:
Their evil intention came from the Convention:

And

And this was the rat
That thought to get fat,
By eating the cheer,
The beef and the beer, &c.

III.

Now John plac'd a Steward, o'er his houſe to be head,
To keep a look out o'er his neighbours;
And prevent foreign vermin from eating the bread,
by ſweat of their brow, and their labours:
He ſo well did his part,
He won John Bull's heart,
By guarding the ſtrong houſe that Jack built;
Which caus'd him to ſing, may God ſave the King!
And this was the cat
That killed the rat, &c.

IV.

Theſe mice to John Bull had come o'er in a trice,
From Monſieur, John's oppoſite neighbour:
They'd poiſon'd the Frenchmen with ev'ry vice,
So they came to do John the ſame favor:
Their venom might ſmart,
Yet ne'er went to the heart,
So guarded the ſtrong houſe that Jack built,
John would not complain, he valu'd not Paine:
And this was the dog
Would fain worry the cat, &c.

V.

The Steward now aroſe in full ſtrength to oppoſe
The poiſon theſe mice had been ſtrewing;
He ſaid all the family muſt go to blows,
Or the old houſe would ſoon go to ruin:
So he drove them all out,
With a terrible ſhout,
Singing, Long live the ſtrong houſe that Jack built!
Away with ambition, away with ſedition:
And this was the hog
That went with the dog, &c.

VI.

To conclude—may John Bull o'er his foes have a pull,
May Liberty Hall never alter;
May his family flouriſh, and loyalty nouriſh,
May every rogue have halter:
May each Britiſh tar
Drive his enemies far,
Who would injure the ſtrong houſe that Jack built,
Protected by balls from John's wooden walls:
And this was the lion
John Bull did rely on,
That conquer'd the hog
That went with the dog,
To worry the cat
That killed the rat,
That thought to get fat,

By

By eating the cheer,
The beef, and the beer,
That ſtood in the houſe that Jack built.

JOE *and* BET, *the* BALLAD SINGERS:

OR,

AN IMITATION OF STREET MELODY.

FROM NEW BROOMS.

I.

[*Joe.*]—DOWN by a Chriſtian River's ſide,
Where little fiſhes they do glide,
A *Damoſel* there I chanc'd to ſee,
Who often cry'd out—Woe is me.

II.

[*Joe.*]—I wiſh I was a little fly,
[*Sing, Bet.*]
[*Bet.*]—That on his boſom I might lie;
[*Joe.*]—Then all the world might plainly ſee
[*Bet.*]—I lov'd a man that lov'd not me.

III.

[*Joe.*]—This *Damoſel* now began for to complain;
[*Bet.*]—And her true love ſhe called by his name:
Ah! wretched woman that I be,
[*Joe.*]—My true love's gone—Ah! woe is me.

IV.

[*Joe.*]—Come all true *Loviers* liſten a *whidle*,
[*Bet.*]—How a falſe man did me *beguidle*,
With my poor heart he did make free,
[*Joe.*]—Which makes me cry [*This is a bad halfpenny.*]
Ah! woe is me.

PEGGY BANN.

A BALLAD.

I.

ONE dark rainy night as I walk'd thro' the ſtreet,
So late and ſo cold, not a ſoul could I meet,
When theſe ſoft plaintive notes quickly thro' my heart ran,
Oh! give ſome relief to poor loſt Peggy Bann.

II. On

II.

On the earth lay reclining this once fair forlorn,
Her breath juſt reſigning, her heart with grief torn,
Seduc'd and now dying, by the cruelty of man;
Yet none will relieve the poor loſt Peggy Bann.

III.

'Tis now three long days ſince I laſt taſted food,
Tho' delicate once, yet all weathers I've ſtood;
'Tis true I deſerve this, yet much more muſt man,
Who brought all this ſorrow on poor Peggy Bann.

IV.

Poor Peggy now ſigh'd, and ſoon drew her laſt breath,
And beauty's remains ſtill look'd comely in death.
Take warning, Seducers, and ſtop whilſt you can;
Remember the fate of poor loſt Peggy Bann.

BULLY COCK's BOAST:

OR,

DUMOURIER's DUCKING, in the Waters of WILLIAMSTADT.

FROM NEW BROOMS.

I.

OLD Bully Cock was a great man, Si.
And ſwagger'd in France up and down,
He told the Convention his plan, Sir,
Was ſoon to deſtroy ev'ry crown:
At Amſterdam, dinner he'd get,
And give their High Mighties a touch,
And, if they an ox did not roaſt him,
He'd ſpit all the broad bottom'd Dutch.

[*Speaking.*]—Why! had he a ſword?—Oh! yes, two or three.——And what did he ſay?—Damme! ſays he, I'm old Sniggaſnee, armed cap-a-pee.——And how did he walk?—Oh! ſtiff and upright, juſt ready to fight, with his

Rolling drum, rolling drum, rolling drum, ree:
To compaſs the caſh is the battle for me.

II.

Then Bully before Williamſtadt
Stood boaſting, as thin as a lath,

Till

Till the governor open'd the ſluices,
And gave him a charming cold bath:
Like a frog then he flaſker'd about,
Yet ſtill he the further got in;
Says Bully, "Come here, help me out,
"For damme I'm up to the chin.

And did he ſwim out?—Oh! yes, like a trout, and made a great roar.——And how did he look?—Like a figure of fun, neither loſt nor won.——And how did he walk?—Oh! ſtiff and upright, juſt ready to fight, with his

Rolling drum, rolling drum, rolling drum, ree:
To compaſs the caſh is the battle for me.

III.

Now Bully's poor tatterdemallions
Began for to ſhiver and ſhake,
With powder and ball they'd been pepper'd,
And now they got dous'd in the lake;
Their courage was cool'd of its heat,
And their ſmall clothes they left in the bogs,
So, as they had nothing to eat,
They all went a hunting for frogs.

Hunt! why, had they dogs?—Oh! yes, to catch frogs.——And how did they look?—All mud and dirt, two ruffles and ne'er a ſhirt.——And how did they walk?—Oh! ſtiff and upright, juſt ready to fight, with their

Rolling

Rolling drum, rolling drum, rolling drum, ree:
To compaſs the caſh is the battle for me.

IV.

Now the red coats of England went over,
To play with theſe bullies at logs,
Leſt the hungry French ſhould devour
The Dutchman's nice quagmire frogs;
Theſe lads did ſo jolly appear,
Fed on old Engliſh beef and good pork,
That they made the Monſeurs look queer,
Led on by the brave Duke of York.

And what did *he* ſay?—Say! why, fight away.——And how did he look?—Like a Prince every inch.——And how did he walk?--Stiff and upright, always ready to fight, with his

Rolling drum, rolling drum, rolling drum, ree:
Here's a health to Old England and true Liberty.

V.

The Convention now ſent for poor Bully,
And ſaid, a ſad rogue he had been,
He'd ſtripp'd the poor Sans Culottes naked;
So fix'd up their fam'd Guillotine:
A body without any head
Bully thought would a figure cut queer,

So

So he took to his heels, and he ſaid,
"Catch, catch, if you can, Dumourier."

And how did he look *then?*—Oh! changed his hide, and turned his coat to t'other ſide.——And what did he ſay?—Why, run away, and live to fight another day.——And how did he walk?—Stiff and upright, not ready to fight, but get out of ſight; with his

Rolling drum, rolling drum, rolling drum, ree:
To compaſs the caſh is the battle for me.

VI.

And thus may the foes of Great Britain,
Who diſcord and ſtrife wiſh to ſow,
Be treated, whene'er they diſturb
The comfort and peace that we know:
We wiſh for no new-fangled laws,
We're merry, can eat, drink, and ſing;
Of Liberty, all that is needful
We have under great *George* our *King*.

WITH HIS

Rolling drum, rolling drum, rolling drum, ree:
Here's a health to old England, and true Liberty.

POOR PAT O'CONNOR.

A BLIND SAILOR'S SONG.

FROM NEW BROOMS.

I.

AH! bleſs your honor! poor Pat O'Connor,
Ploughing on the ſea,
Loſt his precious ſight, by lightning in the night;
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!
On board a privateer, I knew not what was fear,
Yet, alas! I'm here, and forc'd to go a begging.
Ah! bleſs your honor! poor Pat O'Connor
Begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!

II.

Three babies and a wife I left, to give my life
And fight the enemy;
Yet now each day is night, and in this wretched plight,
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!
My wife, for want of bread, alas! poor girl, ſhe's dead,
My babies too are fled, they're gone to Davy's locker.
Ah!

Ah! bleſs your honor! poor Pat O'Connor
Begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!

III.

I ſhould not be here now, If I with gallant Howe
My lights had loſt at ſea;
For then proviſion's made, they're ſafe in Greenwich laid—
Poor Pat O'Connor begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!
I'd rather beg my bread, than e'er it ſhould be ſaid,
They to the poor-houſe led a valiant Engliſh ſailor.
Ah! bleſs your honor! poor Pat O'Connor
Begs for charity!
Ah! give him one poor halfpenny!

THE GO.

I.

[*Singing.*]

COME liſten awhile, ye men and maidens all,
Be caution'd by me, leſt in love you ſhould fall,
For the little rogue, Cupid, will give you a call:

[*Speaking.*]—A pretty ſituation, for a young lady to fall in love with her own footman, a ducheſs with a drummer, a marquis with a milkmaid,—yet, in the papers we have ſeen, ſuch folks have gone to Gretna-Green.

CHORUS.

Oh! Oh! did they ſo?
To be ſure, it's all the Go.
Fol de rol de rol.

II.

Three doctors of phyſic, in learned conſultation,
Diſputing what would beſt give their patients conſolation,
Thus gravely they began their wiſe converſation:

Jalop, Sir, jalop is the only thing——I ſay, ipecacuanha, then a little manna——If that don't make the patient ſound, let him take of ſalts a pound——A pretty ſituation for a young lady, &c.

III.

Three coachmen together were driving a race,
They all overturn'd at the very ſame place;
In an old dirty ditch lay my Lord and his Grace:

Over head and ears in mud—Here, coachman, what are you about?—why the devil don't you let us out?——You raſcal,

raſcal, mind what's ſaid—don't you ſee I've broke my head?——Jalop, Sir, jalop is the only thing, &c. &c.

IV.

Three ladies of faſhion were ſeated at the play,
So ſmart, ſo buxom, ſo lively and gay,
Three beaux loſt their hearts before they went away.

There's a face! what elegance and grace!—with ſuch a mate whoe'er could roam?—Permit me, Ma'am, to ſee you——Over head and ears in mud, &c. &c.

V.

Three old beggar women a drinking met,
At the ſign of the Cow, in a corner they ſat,
Reſolv'd ev'ry one their old whiſtles to wet:

A glaſs of gin, bring it in,—I'll drink it off, to eaſe my cough—[*bough, bough, bough*]——There's a face!—what elegance, &c. &c.

VI.

Three ladies' hair dreſſers from London came down,
So expert at the comb there were none in the town;
They never touch'd a curl for leſs than a crown:

Friz the top, like a mop—Powder, pins, and other things—Odſo, I've burnt me tho'——Pray, Ma'am, ſit this way

—ſhall I dreſs you for the play? or would you chooſe——a
A glaſs of gin, &c. &c.

VII.

Three jolly tinkers, with each his pretty laſs,
Were ſinging away, as they work'd on the graſs,
And mending their kettles, of tin, copper, and braſs.

Burn the bottom!—Is the iron hot?—Solder up that copper pot, and——Friz the top, &c. &c.

VIII.

Three brother maſons in a lodge met together,
With trowel, rule, and compaſs, and their aprons of leather;
They took a hearty glaſs, and then gravely wonder'd whether

There was any more punch—or any more ſecrets to be kept—or any new members to be examined, with a nod and a wink, and——Burn the bottom, &c. &c.

IX.

Three ſtrolling players were acting in a barn,
Poor tragedy they murder'd, without the leaſt alarm;
Then ſmok'd their pipes and drank their glaſs, not thinking any harm——

H------a!!!

H------a!!!—What mean thoſe hieroglyphics on the door?—Our landlady, I ſee, knows how to ſcore.—My dear Mrs. Molly, I have not a ſouſe,—pray ſtay till we have a better houſe, and then I'll pay you with a——Nod and a wink, and——Burn the bottom!—Is the iron hot?—Solder up that copper pot, and—— Friz the top, like a mop—Odſo, I've burnt me tho'——Pray, Ma'am, ſit this way—ſhall I dreſs you for the play? or would you chooſe——A glaſs of gin, bring it in——I'll drink it off, to eaſe my cough—[*bough, bough*]——There's a face!—what elegance and grace!—with ſuch a mate whoe'er could roam?—Permit me, Ma'am, to ſee you——Over head and ears in mud—Here, coachman, what are you about?—why the devil don't you let us out?—You raſcal, mind what's ſaid—don't you ſee I've broke my head?——Jalop, Sir, jalop is the only thing—I ſay, ipecacuanha, then a little manna—If that don't make the patient ſound, let him take of ſalts a pound——A pretty ſituation for a young lady, to fall in love with her own footman, a ducheſs with a drummer, a marquis with a milkmaid,—yet, in the papers we have ſeen, ſuch folks have gone to Gretna-Green.

CHORUS.

Oh! Oh! do they ſo?
To be ſure, it's all the Go.
Fol de rol de rol.

THE JOKE.

I.

TO joke, in a ſong, permit me to try;
Jokety, ſmokety—mum:
If my Joke makes you laugh, why then I ſhan't cry;
Laughety, quaffety—mum:
Some joke in the light, and ſome in the dark,
My lord has his miſs, and my lady her ſpark.

CHORUS.

The world is all joking, and ſoaking, and ſmoking,
And puſhing, and poking, and taking the folk in,
And kiſſing, and courting, and——mum.

II.

To your wine and your beef the parſon will come;
Jokety, ſmokety—mum:
In the pulpit, next day, he'll ſay you're undone,
Phizzery, miſery—mum:
The blood, in a joke, will tread on your toes,
And if you reply—why, he'll handle your noſe,
The world is all joking, &c.

III. The

III.

The actor, ſo fine, will joke in a play;
Tragedy, comedy—mum:
But 'tis a good joke to ſee him, next day.
Draggle tail, dreary dun.
The maid blames her lover, from promiſes broke,
But ſoon he replies, "Love, 'twas only a Joke."
The world is all joking, &c.

IV.

The lawyer will buſtle, and look very big,
Botherum, mitherum—mum;
And, if he's well paid, he'll ſhake his great wig,
Frizzleum, powderum—mum:
They'll ſcold, and abuſe, and each other provoke;
Out of court, they'll ſhake hands and pocket the Joke.
The world is all joking, &c.

V.

Miſs Priſſy ſo luſty begins now to grow,
Roundabout, puff 'em out—mum;
Which her parents obſerving, are fill'd full of woe—
Huſh a bye, baby cry—mum:
She laughs, and ſays, "Surely you're not to be had,
"I'm but in the faſhion, 'tis only a Pad."
The world is all joking, &c.

VI. My

VI.

My Joke I'll conclude with a word for myſelf—
Attitude, gratitude—mum;
Had you not come here, to give me the pelf,
Starvation, gutſation—mum:
Your pardon I crave, for what has been ſaid,
Which ſurely you'll grant, ſince I joke for my bread.

CHORUS.

The world is all joking, and ſoaking and ſmoking,
And puſhing, and poking, and taking the folks in,
And kiſſing, and courting, and——mum.

ON THAT EXCELLENT INSTITUTION, CALLED,

THE STRANGER'S FRIEND:

Eſtabliſhed by the Methodiſt Society.

THE Stranger's Friend! Oh, great celeſtial ſound!
May it through heav'n's expanſive orb reſound;
And as with God-like wings it cleaves the air,
The widow's bleſſing, and the orphan's pray'r,
Shall give it welcome in the realms above,
Where all is friendſhip, harmony, and love;
Where dwells that God, whoſe mercy all may find—
The ſtranger's friend, the Friend of all Mankind.
Hear this, ye rich, and lib'rally beſtow—
The Lord from Heav'n came down on earth below,
In pity, to relieve the Stranger's woe;
The Jew, the Gentile, whether friends or foes;
His boundleſs mercy no diſtinction knows.
Turn then from bigotry, that pois'nous weed,
The Stranger help, no matter what his creed;
On this hang prophets, and the law divine,
However cloſely Pedants may define.
*Bradburn** go on, thy eloquence employ;
The niggard ſpirit ſtudy to deſtroy;

May

* The Preacher then ſtationed at Mancheſter.

May ſweet Benevolence thy efforts aid,
And all thy labour doubly be repaid;
May Heav'n its kindeſt, choiceſt bleſſings ſend,
To crown with happineſs—the *Stranger's Friend.*

On the STRANGER's FRIEND SOCIETY,

FOR THE ANNUAL SUPPORT OF WHICH,

Sacred Muſic is performed in the Methodiſt Chapel, Manchester.

WHAT, but a wink of life, is wretched Man!
Tho' threeſcore years may ſtretch the fleeting ſpan;
How chequer'd, ſhort-liv'd, ev'ry fancy'd joy—
Poſſeſſion palls, as with a child a toy;
Still on we preſs, ſtill graſp at ſomething new,
Till, ſhadow like, 'tis vaniſh'd from our view;
Nothing ſubſtantial in this world we find,
Nothing but what muſt ſoon be left behind——
Uncertain all—but yet of Death ſecure,
What happens after is, as yet, obſcure:
Obſcure, I mean, to mortals' narrow ken,
The ſect, or party, moſt exalted then,
Who are elect, or who are doom'd to woe,
None ever came from thence to let us know—

Yet

Yet if a moral may his judgment lend,
Sure he is right who is the *Stranger's Friend.*

Hath muſic charms the ſavage breaſt to ſooth,
To ſoften rocks, tempeſt'ous paſſions ſmooth?
Hath muſic charms to melt the flinty heart,
And cauſe it take a ſympathetic part?
By gentle harmony the ſoul ſurpriſe,
And call it's from it's lurking place, the eyes;
If ſuch the bleſſed pow'r to muſic giv'n,
The ſource muſt, ſurely, have it's riſe in heav'n;
The ſtrains of Orpheus drew, from realms below,
His wife—at leaſt the Poets feign it ſo—
But now, a nobler cauſe employs the lyre—
God gives the ſpark, and Angels fan the fire;
Oh! may it blaze in ev'ry human heart,
Till all ſhall join to take the Stranger's part;
To give, forgive, aſſuage another's pain,
Is heav'nly profit and a certain gain;
'Tis hoarding riches where no thieves break in,
Where charity is ſaid to cover ſin.
To this ſoft muſic kindly lends her aid,
And may her labours doubly be repaid;
May crowds beſtow, let none his mite with-hold
'Twill purchaſe bleſſings—Ten—nay Twenty fold.

ON A FRIEND REFUSING TO SIGN

The Petition concerning the Slave Trade,

Becauſe it was thought a Party Matter.

SPIRIT of party! baneful Demon, ceaſe—
Foe to all public, and domeſtic peace;
Let partial prejudice a while be mute,
That ſoft Humanity may gain her ſuit:
She ſues—Oh, do not let her ſue in vain—
She ſues for mortals, languiſhing in pain:
Ah! let not then our ſecret feuds prevent
This heav'nly cauſe, this merciful intent.
What if, my friend, we ſometimes diſagree
About the ins, and outs, of Miniſtry,
Or partial, each in critic judgment ſit,
On Fox or Sheridan, on Burke or Pit;
Yet in this one great point we all agree—
There's no excuſe for *wanton cruelty*.
Then if our mutual endeavours join'd
Can eaſe this wretched part of human kind,
Let's freely do the little that we can,
To ſtop a Traffic, the diſgrace of Man:
A Bleſſing then ſhall their endeavours wait,
Who ſtrive a Brother's pain to mitigate

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